

U.S. Supreme Court on the Nude Vs. the Lewd

MAY 1964
SIXTY CENTS

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINGUISHED TASTE

**AMERICA'S
FASTEST
PLAYING
PLAYBOYS**

★ ★ ★
**ARE YOU
EATING
YOURSELF
SEXLESS?**

★ ★ ★
**HOW TO
SHED YOUR
WIFE FOR \$100**

**THOSE
LIVELY
SPORTS**
OF DAYS GONE BY

FENCE BUSTER



With spring training already under way, the big league homeruns have begun to fly. And here in this big league issue, you too will touch all the bases—while enjoying the articles, stories and beauties in full color

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

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MAY, 1964
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table of contents

ARTICLES

U.S. SUPREME COURT ON THE NUDE VS. THE LEWD	Arthur J. Fendleton	8
HOW TO SHED YOUR WIFE FOR \$100	Horace Whitman	12
ARE YOU EATING YOURSELF SEXLESS?	Robert G. White, Ph.D.	30
A LOOK AT AMERICA'S FASTEST PLAYING PLAYBOYS	Stan Loft	44
THOSE LIVELY SPORTS OF DAYS GONE BY	Ron Goulart	64

FICTION

AFFAIR IN PARIS	Steve Shaw	10
BEDROOMS AREN'T FOR BOYSCOUTS	Morton J. Golding	20
THE EFFERVESCING CASANOVA	Ed Knorr	36
SHE COULD HAVE BELLY DANCED ALL NIGHT	Roger Royall	52

FULL COLOR

THIS GINNY'S A TONIC	Personality Exclusive	16
HIGH NOON HI-JINKS	Adventure in Water	24
AMERICA'S BEATNIK BEAUTY	Glamour Profile	32
COLLECTOR'S ITEM	Beauty Closeup	49

HUMOR

THE GREAT LOVER	Bob Schochet	15
NURSERY RHYMES FOR ADULTS	Harry Gregory	28
FRIGHTS FOR SORE EYES	Harold Cline	39
A CRYING NEED TO LAUGH	Roger Wilkinson	58

SPECIAL

BRIGHTEST LIGHTS OF NIGHT SCHOOL	Full Color Glamour Roundup	40
----------------------------------	----------------------------	----

FEATURES

LOVE IS A SLOPPY AFFAIR	Wellea Dawes	47
MISS FROM OL' MISS	Personality Profile	55
KEYED UP	Business of Glamor	61
LIFE BEGINS AT 18	Theatrical Exclusive	66

DEPARTMENTS

METHUSALA, HOW YOUNG YOU LOOK!	S. J. Cotter	4
BACKTALK	Letters to the Editors	6
JOKER'S GEMS	Potpourri of Rib-Ticklers	23

COVER PHOTO by Bernard

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Methusala! How Young You Look!

BY S. J. COTTER

THOSE of you who watch television regularly are no doubt familiar with the commercial which shows two females, one about 30, the other about 18, the younger of whom suddenly exclaims as the two of them bump into each other, "Cora!" "Jane!" replies oldish-looking Cora. Abruptly the camera comes in for a closeup of Jane, and we see that she's got the youthful, creamy complexion of a birthday cake. Just as abruptly we get a closeup of Cora's face, jowls and all. "Why Jane," she says, a tinge of envy in her voice, "you don't look a year older than you did when we graduated high school together!"

This is a lie, since Jane does look maybe two or three years older. But the biggest whopper of all comes flying from the youthful lips of Jane. "Well, you see, Cora," she says, "I've been using famous Face-Lift Soap ever since." Now, really! Actually, Face-Lift had no more part in Jane's youthful appearance than did Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth. The girl playing the part of Cora's jowly classmate was merely a lass who was a good ten years younger than the actress who portrayed the bemused Cora.

But the commercial, poppycock or not, points up an interesting trend among today's Americans. Nobody wants to grow old—not even gracefully—any more.

We're referring to plastic surgery, which is vying with psychiatry today for first place in the "Off-beat Things To Do With Your Money" category. Crow's feet scamper away like mad in the face of the plastic surgeon's onslaught. Drooping chins pull themselves erect, bulky faces recede meekly, errant noses quickly decide to go straight. The results are marvelous. Nevertheless, there was a case not long ago where a middle-aged actress was offered a leading part opposite one of the top male box-office stars in the country. She accepted it, then went to her local face-fixer and had her facial age reduced from 40 to 20. When she appeared for the first day of shooting, she was in for a letdown. "Sorry," said the director, "there are

hundreds of young girls around. What we wanted for this part was a mature woman, one whose features are distinctive." And so the poor lady was left with a finely-chiseled puss, but nothing to do with it.

Another instance in which surgery was less than successful involved a big-time businessman whose face was as mottled as a basket of strawberries and so wrinkled that his employees, instead of calling him the Grand Old Man, referred to him in private as the Grand Canyon.

One day Vice President "Canyon" decided to do something about his aged appearance and engaged a plastic surgeon. "Might as well give me the classic look, while you're at it," he told the medico.

The surgeon dutifully obliged, and what came out was a combination of Nick the Greek and Hercules. This pleased the VP tremendously, but later he got hit with a shock when he returned to his office. Since he hadn't told anyone his plans beforehand, nobody recognized him, and his first problem arose when the receptionist at the front desk refused to let him through.

"But I'm Mr. Adams," he protested vainly. "I'm your boss."

"Mr. Adams is out," she said with the efficient blandness for which he had originally hired her. "Have you an appointment?"

"Look," said the one-time Grand Canyon. "Here are my credentials." He handed her his wallet. She examined it, then examined him suspiciously and rang a hidden buzzer beneath her desk. Within five minutes police were on the scene and he was arrested on, among other things, pick-pocketing charges. It took a good three hours down at headquarters to get things straightened out. And when he finally got back to his office he found to his dismay that his position of command had somewhat weakened. After all, how could employees be expected to take orders from a man who looked no older than 35?

The moral: grow old gracefully or ungracefully as you see fit. Just don't grow immature!

Whereas beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, too many people forget that old age isn't.

*We're looking for people who like to draw



Albert Dorne



Norman Rockwell



Al Parker



Jon Whitcomb



Austin Briggs



Ben Stahl



Fred Ludekens



Robert Fawcett



Harold Von Schmidt



George Giusti



Peter Kelck



Stevan Dohanos

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting... lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulska was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator who earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

Famous Artists Schools Studio 7262, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. _____ Age _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission,
National Home Study Council, Washington,
D.C., a nationally recognized accrediting agency.

BACKTALK

TOO SIN-SATIONAL

Dear ACE:

In his article, "Those Wild, Wild, Wild Sin Cults" (March issue), G. W. Hansen has certainly covered a lot of ground, and like most buck shot artists of the typewriter, frequently missed the target.

I think a lot of these so-called cults are merely practicing what they believe in—and you should leave them alone.

Duke D. Forrest
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear ACE:

When will writers like G. W. Hansen finally permit the late, great scientist, Dr. Wilhelm Reich rest in peace? The article was not only disgustingly inaccurate, but it also imputed to Dr. Reich and his followers criminal motives, like duping the public and seduction of patients. Many today owe their lives to the brilliant Orgone Theory.

Arnold Gehrasch
Carmel, Calif.

POP-OFF ARTISTS

Dear ACE:

Congratulations for your witty expose of the biggest fraud to hit the cultural scene, the pop artists ("Popping Off On Pop Art," March issue). Once upon a time it was considered necessary to go to art school to learn how to paint, draw and sculpt. Today, this is no longer even desirable. We have steam-fitters, housewives, drug-addicted beatniks and even nursery-school children turning out "masterpieces."

I look forward to the day when perhaps we may have a variation of pop art in the fields of medicine and law. There'd be no point in going to medical or law school, either. If a man is suffering from appendicitis, we could treat him by pulling out his tonsils—simply because performing the latter operation would be artier. Also, we could have a house-

wife sitting as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, suitable for the job by virtue of her "woman's intuition."

Gabriel E. Wrubalcic
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Dear ACE:

Say what you will about pop art, it is here to stay—until it is ready to go.

Sidney Kopff
Aurora, Ill.

Dear ACE:

You can't hold back the tide of civilization. Pop art is opening new avenues of creativity and should be encouraged, regardless of who chooses to traverse these avenues. I am a pop artist, and I'm also a "mom."

Mrs. Sidonie Motherwell
Lincoln, Neb.

GIGANTIC APPLAUSE

Dear ACE:

We're dyed-in-the-wool rooters of the New York Giant football club, and as such, we'd like to give you a big hand for publishing the photo of Jo Ames, "The No. 1 Giant Greeter," in the January issue of your magazine. What we'd like to know is, who does she greet? And—how can we get this lovely damsel to greet us?

Fred Quentin
Corey Albertson
Nick Tucci
Morristown, N.J.

Dear ACE:

The Dallas Cowboys didn't have too great a year in the NFL. Yet, with Jane Wynn as their queen, how could you ever expect them to keep their minds on the game?

Fred Scott Copeley
Dallas, Tex.

Dear ACE:

As a Minneapolis man, I'd like to know, how come you didn't show the

queen of the Minnesota Vikings?

Dell Underwood
Minneapolis, Minn.

(ED: Sorry, Dell, but we ran out of space. Yet, as they're saying about the Vikings—Wait'll next year.)

FOR THE RECORD

Dear ACE:

Your magazine certainly has a way of getting under a man's skin. I'm 25, and I don't think I think like a teen-ager, either. Yet, according to Buster Wilson in his article, "Where Sex Appeal Flops in Show Biz" (March issue), I must be pretty lacking in sex interests because I also buy popular records.

Well, I couldn't disagree more. I happen to dig Rock 'n Roll, as well as folk music. Buster Wilson may not think so, but this music is mighty fine stuff to seduce a young lady by.

McCabe Robins
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear ACE:

Buster Wilson writes: "Mary Martin, Ethel Merman, Julie Andrews, Marlene Dietrich, Alfred Drake, Yves Montand—forget them!"

What is this guy Wilson writing about—sex in records or geriatrics? That crew he mentions was young and sexy when Grant was a cadet.

Doug Williston, Jr.
Columbus, Ohio

LYING LOW?

Dear ACE:

After reading Lansing V. Hayes' article, "The Fine Art of Lying to Women" (March issue), I am made to wonder: Does he really think that we females are so stupid? Also, what kind of a man is he that he can't find a girl he wouldn't want to lie to?

Edna K. Weller
Boise, Idaho

Dear ACE:

Lansing V. Hayes is a boon to freedom-seeking men.

Carl Younger
Adrian, Mich.

- For Action, Security, Big Pay -

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO TOP THIS JOB!



Earn To \$15 An Hour ★ Work Part-Time Or Full-Time ★ Car Furnished — Expenses Paid ★ No Selling — No Previous Experience Needed ★ Only Average Education Required

NO OTHER CAREER OFFERS YOU

A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Consider this fact. In the short time it takes you to read this page 1,100 accidents will take place. Over 440,000 will occur before this day ends. *These accidents must be investigated.* The law demands it. Yet in 4 out of 5 cities, towns and rural communities, no one has been trained for this vital work.

KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned \$14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning \$7.50 to \$15.00 an hour in my own business... Universal's course is wonderful."

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We CAN and WILL show you how to rapidly build your own full-time or part-time business. Or if you wish a big-pay job as Company Claims Investigator, our Placement Service will give you *real* assistance. Hundreds of firms needing men call upon Universal. *We place far more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school.*

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Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs... no time out for strikes... no oversupply of men... no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. *Write today!*

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Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money in The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will not be under the slightest obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

Name

Address

City

Zone

State



Since it believes that beauty is really in the eyes of the beholder, the High Court has been making the female form more "bareable" to the public.

U.S. SUPREME COURT ON

EVER SINCE 1957, when the United States Supreme Court handed down an historic decision regarding pornography, the entire practice of censorship has been turned topsy turvy. Until that time, a voluptuous picture of a nude woman was considered out of place anywhere but in a fine arts museum; full-bosomed girls in scanty bikinis were held to be either *verboden* or in bad taste for popular magazines and movies; and the discussion of sex in print was regarded as acceptable, only if in book form.

Until the Supreme Court chose to speak out, censorship, invoked frequently by private organizations (with the backing of local governments) was wielded with harsh exactitude.

For example, as the result of Hollywood's self-imposed Motion Picture Production Code, American-made films forbade scenes from showing: Nude or partially nude women; a man and woman in the same bed (even though both may be seen to be fully clothed); kisses considered to be too long; kisses on the neck, arms or other equally innocuous areas of the body that were then regarded as erogenous.

At the same time, numerous prominent magazines that dared to show a female—no more undressed than a model in a girdle ad, found in the local newspaper—were subjected to censorship and police harassment.

Ironically, the case that began to reverse the trend of censorship in the United States involved an admitted pornographic publisher from New York, named Samuel Roth, who sincerely believed that any form of restrictions on printed matter was unconstitutional. Regarded as an eccentric by some and a sincere zealot in the cause of a free press by others, Roth had permitted himself to endure jail sentences rather than to waver from his stand.

The government sought to restrain Roth from sending through the mails books it had considered obscene; furthermore it hoped to affirm the jail sentence imposed upon the publisher by the lower courts.

In a dissenting opinion, Justice Hugo L. Black averred that under the Constitution, *nothing* can be banned. However, the other members of the Court disagreed. Yet even though they found Roth guilty of violating the law, the majority of the Justices handed down a decree that caused the nation's bluenoses to shudder with dismay.

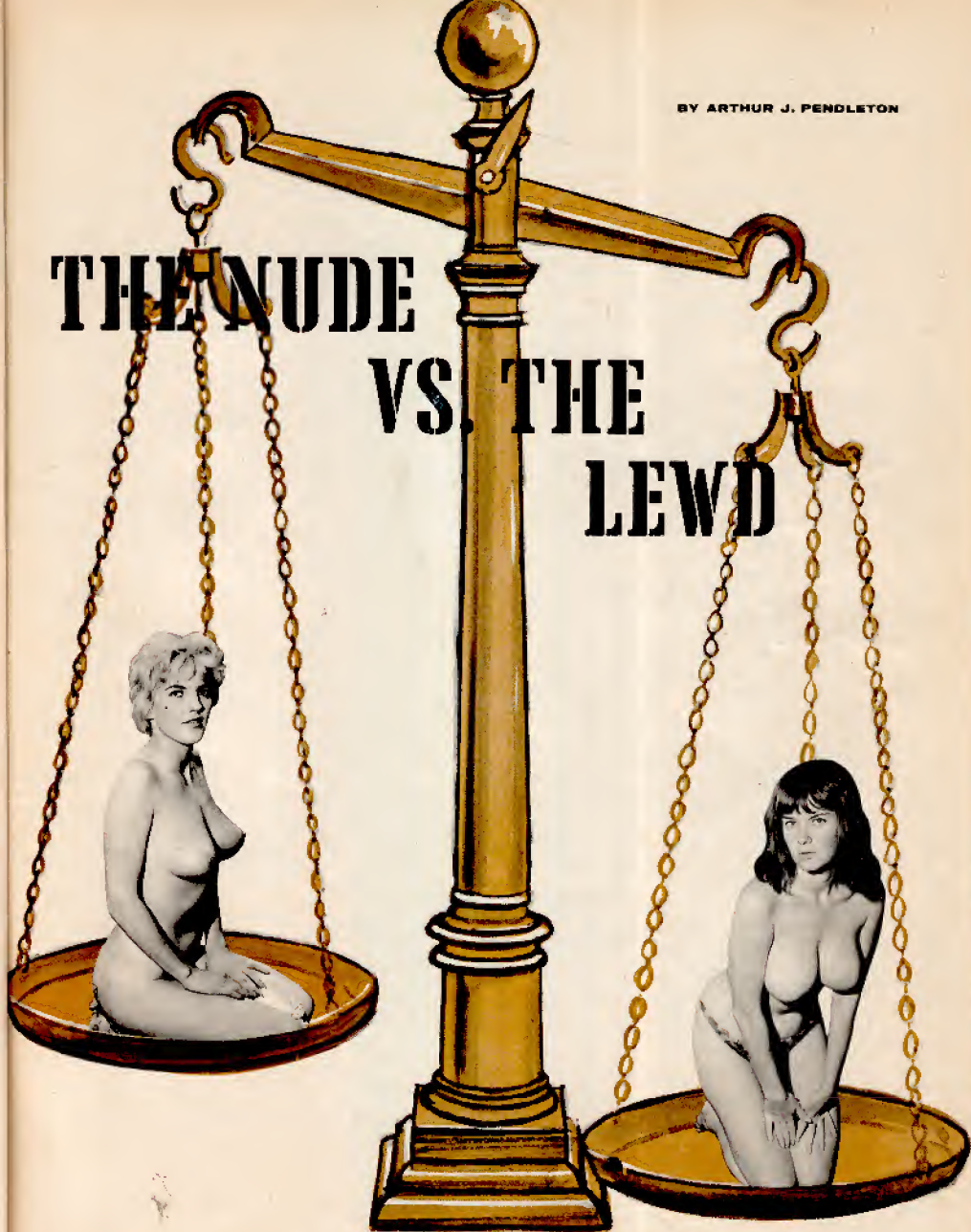
The Supreme Court held that despite the fact true pornography was *not* protected by the guarantees of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, a definition of what is obscene was in order. To determine obscenity, *the work as a whole* must be considered, ruled the Justices. If the *sole* purpose of a book, magazine, story, painting, motion picture or photograph is seen to excite the lewd or lecherous imagination of the average individual, then under the law such a work may be censored.

The government won its case, and Roth was sent to jail. Nevertheless, the decision succeeded in cramping the style of the nation's censors, causing them to chafe angrily. The reason was obvious: Whereas, prior to the decision, a work could be banned if *any part* of it was found to be offensive, this was no longer the case. Now prosecutors would have to prove the *entire* output obscene; also that it was *exclusively intended* to excite lust in a normal person.

The impact of this ruling was widely felt, since no longer could a normal, healthy male be prevented from enjoying a photograph of a nude beauty, simply because it might overly arouse a sick or immature mind. (Cont. on p. 72)

BY ARTHUR J. PENDLETON

THE NUDE VS. THE LEWD

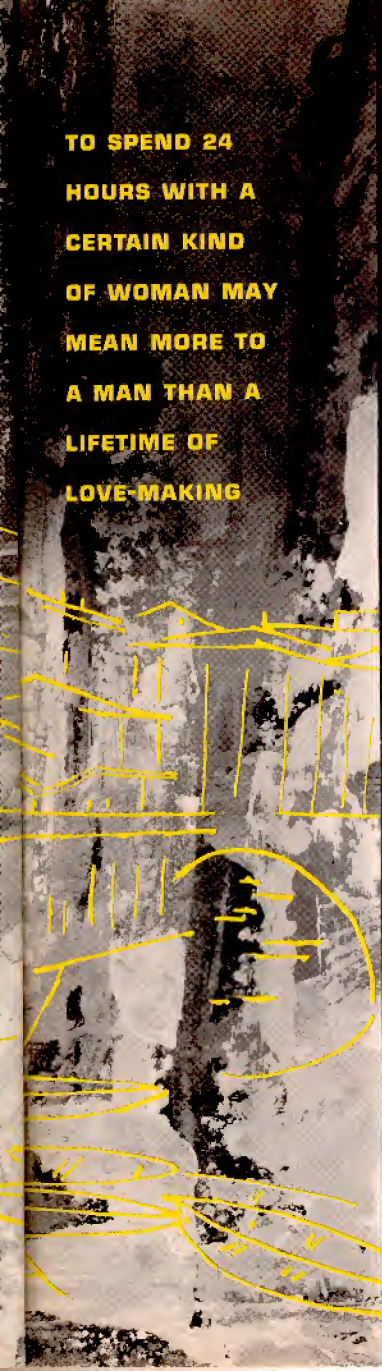


AFFAIR IN PARIS

FICTION

BY STEVE SHAW





TO SPEND 24
HOURS WITH A
CERTAIN KIND
OF WOMAN MAY
MEAN MORE TO
A MAN THAN A
LIFETIME OF
LOVE-MAKING

I WAS the first one she saw when she came through the doorway and, I think, the last. I went over to her and handed her one of the two glasses of wine I held (the second one was for later; it was that kind of party). Her lips moved soundlessly and she watched me over the glass as she sipped. Just to be sure, I asked her, "Who are you with, or of, or for, or after?"


She said she didn't know anybody in the room and hadn't been invited. She had been visiting someone in the building and this door was open, that's all.

That is when it started, the thing about time and space. I don't half pretend to know what it was all about, from a scientific standpoint. Maybe Einstein, if he really tried, could have explained it. Anyway, something happened to time, as though it was telescoped and things that should have taken a year took a minute; as though we had just met but already knew each other half a lifetime.

We finished our wine, and then we walked out of the party and down the stairs and out into the street. The Parisian winter air was wet, gentle and aphrodisiac. We walked hand in hand down the street and now, with our flesh touching, we could look elsewhere. It was as though our life forces—the electricity, energy, what have you, that is *us*—flowed back and forth and into one another through our eyes or our hands or, later, the rest of us.

You say I haven't described her. All right, that too was a part of the strangeness. *I can't describe her.* What does it matter what what she wore, or whether her hair was dark or light or long or short, or whether her eyes were blue or chartreuse? Not this time, it didn't matter! For she was the sum of all the lovely women I've ever had or wanted or dreamed of. She was Woman.

We went to my place, walking by way of the Boulevard de Montparnasse. All the time, you understand, the years were passing. She would say, "The poor little thing," and stoop to scratch behind the ear of a nondescript pup that had been trod upon or kicked—and because she scratched behind his ear instead of just patting (Cont. on p. 68)



MANY STATES OF THE UNION ARE

THE ROAD to Splitsville is paved with gold for the female of the species according to a rash of articles which have recently appeared in a slew of magazines and newspapers. With one out of four American marriages ending on the rocks, these articles reflect the awakening of the nation to the fact that it's the man who always pays—and usually through the nose. Put them all together, and they add up to a loud, masculine howl protesting the high cost of leaving.

Such articles have rightly focused the spotlight of publicity on the archaic divorce laws currently on the statute books of every state in the nation. They've shown how such laws are invariably loaded in favor of the wife. And they've pointed up the inconsistencies which make divorce so outrageously expensive.

Everything they've said is true, *but*—and it's a most important *but*—without exception these articles have dealt with divorces which, while they may stretch the law, always satisfy its requirements and operate within its bounds. They've pointed up the fact that evidence where adultery is concerned and such things as residence requirements are often phoned up, but only in ways showing how such tricks used to satisfy legal requirements add to the cost of divorce. What they haven't done is show how many of these gimmicks, utilized with know-how, may help a man shed his wife cheaply.

The truth of the matter is that a frau may be shucked for as little as \$100!

If this figure sounds unrealistic, there are facts to back it up. Consider the case of Bill H., recently divorced who unraveled his marriage knot at precisely that cost—\$100—all expenses included.

Bill is a backwoods farmer in the state of Alabama. He and his wife recently decided to call it a marital day, and Bill went to see a lawyer in the

HOW TO SHED YOUR

HELPING MEN ENTER THE HAPPY STATE OF DISUNION

nearest small town. The lawyer quickly saw that they were incompatible, but incompatibility is not considered grounds for divorce in Alabama.

"Do you drink?" the legal eagle asked Bill.

"Sure."

"Do you get drunk?"

"Well—"

"You get drunk once a week, regularly," the attorney instructed him.

A week later Bill was in front of the circuit judge confessing that he got drunk once a week, regularly. Drunkenness is grounds for divorce in Alabama. "Divorce granted," the judge told Bill's wife. "Next case!"

The total cost to Bill was \$100, the fee the lawyer charged him for handling the case. It's a standard fee—not just with this attorney, but with a whole new breed of Alabama lawyers specializing in cases which take advantage of the many loopholes of the state's ultra-liberal divorce laws.

It should be pointed out that both the Alabama bar and the great majority of Alabama lawyers look with distaste upon those in their ranks who specialize in quickie divorces. It should also be pointed out that the \$100 fee is usually two or three times that much in the larger cities of Alabama like Montgomery, or Birmingham. However, in the backwoods areas where calls for his services are few and far between, the local Nizer is finding that \$100 divorce fees add up to a more lucrative practice than wangling his way onto the public payroll—which used to be just about the only possibility open to attorneys practicing in the sticks.

Are these \$100 divorces available to guys who don't live in Alabama? You bet your single—or married—life they are! Just add on the cost of bus-fare and you'll find that Southern hospitality is a hallmark of the divorce *(Cont. on next page)*



WIFE FOR \$100

BY
HORACE WHITMAN

HOW TO SHED YOUR WIFE FOR \$100

courts of hospitable old Alabama'.

The residence requirement according to the statutes is one year. In actuality, you don't have to hang around long enough for the sun to set on you. All you have to do is sign a sworn statement to the effect that you intend to live in Alabama. Nobody ever bothers checking to see whether you've really set up house-keeping in the state.

Another string that's easy to snip is the rider Alabama attaches to the effect that the divorced man can't remarry for 60 days. It's true that legally such a marriage would be invalid if performed in Alabama, but there's nothing to prevent him marrying again within hours after the decree is granted in any of the other 49 states of the union. The other states recognize his Alabama decree, but don't honor the restrictions placed on it.

The Alabama plucking of such burnt benefactors from the barbecue pit may be accomplished on a variety of grounds. In addition to drunkenness, these include dope addiction, desertion, adultery, non-support, insanity and general cruelty. The widest interpretation is given these categories, particularly the last mentioned. And they apply equally to male and female (with the exception of non-support, of course, since Alabama like every other state in the Union considers support the duty of the male).

Only one of the parties involved need appear in an Alabama divorce case. All that's needed is a sworn statement from the other party agreeing not to contest the divorce. Should the other party balk at this, there have been cases where names have been forged to such documents. The lawyer involved, of course, will have nothing to do with such chicanery. He'll merely point out the legal requirements to his client—and carefully not ask any questions when the signed waiver is brought to him for submission to the court.

Technically, a wife bamboozled in this way may have all sorts of legal recourse. In actuality, though, the trickster husband has a lot of things working for him. For one thing, as soon as the divorce is a *fait accompli*, the wife is more apt to accept it than when it's still in the arguing stage. For another, to challenge it after it's been granted is a costly procedure and even if she wins, she then has to bring a separate lawsuit

against her husband to make him foot the bill.

Naturally, the state of Alabama will deny that such things happen. But they do. In fairness, though, Alabama is far from the only place where the law is overstepped in divorce cases. Also, it's not the only place where a man can shed his wife inexpensively. Depending on where he lives and the circumstances surrounding his divorce, the hip wife-shedder can keep costs at a minimum.

For instance, suppose your reason for ditching your mate is that you've caught her being unfaithful to you. If you live in the South, or reasonably close to it, you're sitting pretty. You can get your divorce in Florida, North or South Carolina—and the law says you don't have to pay the cheating Mrs. any alimony. There's a residence requirement of six months in Florida, but with divorce mills running full steam there, it's easily and widely faked. As in Alabama, the big city lawyers charge higher prices—an average of about \$350 per split-up. But in small towns the shysters set their own fees and are open to bargaining. As often as not they'll settle for between \$100 and \$200. Another advantage of the hinterland divorce is that the court calendars aren't crowded there the way they are in the big cities and the "Kaput!" stamp is usually put on a marriage with little or no delay. Costs in the Carolinas are even somewhat lower than in Florida.

The "no alimony in adultery" protection is also available to the guy who sheds his wife in Nebraska, or Wisconsin. Only Nebraska requires a two-year residency and enforces the requirement, plus a six-month waiting period before the divorce becomes final; legal fees are moderate compared to the rest of the country, but they're still higher than in Alabama, or Florida, averaging around \$250 to \$350 per split-up. Fees are around the same in Wisconsin which also enforces a two-year residency and forbids remarriage for one year after granting the divorce.

Is your wife bad-tempered? That's also grounds for divorce in Florida. Likewise in Kentucky where the one-year residency requirement is winked at and many a lawyer up in the hill country will take your case for a \$100 fee. And if her bad temper—or yours, for that matter—results

in public insult, many a Louisiana swamppland attorney will get you a divorce for a minimal charge.

Louisiana also may be lenient where its one-year residency requirement is concerned, but it can hamstring the male eager to shed his wife in other ways. For instance, it enforces a one-year waiting period before the decree becomes final in all cases except those involving adultery. And in adultery cases the law specifically forbids the guilty party to marry the adulterous partner!

Such restrictions aren't found only in Louisiana. Tennessee and Pennsylvania have similar laws. Georgia, Michigan, Mississippi, and North Dakota leave this provision up to the discretion of the court. New York says the guilty party can't remarry for three years—or more if the court sees fit. And South Dakota forbids remarriage by the guilty party as long as the ex-spouse is alive.

All 50 states grant divorces on the grounds of adultery. But this is an expensive way to amputate a spouse and usually leaves her with a lifetime claim on you. Also, the rules of evidence are so strict in most of these states that cases based on adultery are invariably cooked up with the husband consenting to being caught in a hotel room with the "other" woman." Generally speaking, it's far shrewder to cull other, less-well-known grounds from the morass of state-divorce laws.

One of these is "fraud." It stands up in Delaware, Kansas, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island and Tennessee. Of these, Kansas and Oklahoma are the easiest and cheapest places to obtain divorce. "Fraud" is interpreted quite loosely there, and there are cases on the books where divorces have been granted on the simple grounds that the husband lied about his income, or the wife misrepresented her teeth as being her own when they were really false. Also, in many cases in the six states where fraud is proven, the court doesn't grant property settlements—even to the so-called injured party.

For the man bent on divorce it will be helpful to bear in mind certain odd facts about specific states. Here are a few such facts:

Alaska: Impotency is grounds for divorce. It needn't be proven, merely acknowledged by both parties. Legal fees are low, in the (Cont. on p. 75)

The Great Lover

NO, I JUST
COULDN'T



I'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS
BEFORE!



AFTER ALL WE'VE ONLY
KNOWN EACH OTHER
SUCH A
SHORT
TIME!



IF I DO, YOU'LL
BE THE
FIRST ONE!



NO,...YOU'LL ONLY THINK
ME COMMON
IF I DO!



YOU PROBABLY WON'T
RESPECT ME ANYMORE!



DON'T BE
SILLY, OF
COURSE
I'LL RESPECT
YOU!



WHAT CHANCE DOES
A GIRL HAVE, YOU'RE
JUST TOO
PERSUASIVE!



SCHROET



Domestic to the core, Ginny has no difficulty in making herself at home, no matter where she is.

No bachelor's home bar would be complete without an intoxicating beauty like Ginny Cutrone to add that "sparkle plenty" touch. She's enough to put any man in highest spirits. What's more, she's bound to get him Schwepped off his feet in a hurry.

GINNY'S A TONIC



Whatever drinks are being served, this luscious lass proves she can put the "OH" into C_2H_5OH .



A senior in college, Ginny is majoring in chemistry and eventually hopes to make a career in that field. Yet, when it comes to male-female chemistry, she doesn't need any formula to make men flip over her.



Underneath all her sophistication, Ginny reveals that she's still pretty young at heart.



Actually the playthings shown here belong to her sister who's not quite eleven. If the little girl grows up to look like Ginny, one thing is certain: She'll have a beautiful, big future in front of her.





Even though she's admittedly career-minded, Ginny eventually hopes to settle down and raise a family.





Even though she's admittedly career-minded, Ginny eventually hopes to settle down and raise a family.

In her own home, this brown-haired beauty reveals she is soothing and relaxed. With her around, life can prove thoroughly cushy for a man.



But right now she's perfectly content to enjoy the carefree existence of a coed. Not only is this scintillating siren a tonic to males, but on campus she gives them all plenty to shout "rah rah rah" about.





Men who pride themselves on being first-rate lovers should remember one thing: Never underestimate the power of a woman on the make.

THE RADIO was playing softly, charging the air with a tender, aching song. A single amber-tinted lamp was turned on. Two people were there—a man and a girl. The girl removed the last of her lacy underthings. She turned to the man with a half smile on her lovely face, arching her back so that her breasts would stand proudly erect.

"Come here," the man said, drawing her with him onto the bed.

Their lips met and clung, their bodies tensed and joined together. "Now," the girl said. "Please, please, now!"

At last they separated, moving gently apart. They each took a cigarette, and the man lit them.

For several minutes, the two smoked in silence. Then the girl reached across the night table for her watch and stared at it. "My God!" she said. "I have to go!"

"Must you? Can't you stay the night? The whole night?"

"You don't know how much I'd love to, darling," she said wistfully. "But I can't. My husband . . . I told him I was visiting a sick girl friend. It's one o'clock, already, and if I'm any later he'll never believe me."

"Is he jealous?"

"Terribly."

"Selfish lout. Wanting to chain you up . . . keep you all for himself. I can't really blame him though."

The girl had secured her bra and panties, and was now zipping up her skirt. Tears glistened in the corners of her eyes. "I'll never see you again. I just can't take the chance." She sobbed, then collected herself with an effort. "It doesn't matter, though," she said, holding her chin up. "Bobby Craig has made love to me and I've lived!"

Forcing himself not to look back, she stumbled out of the apartment. Bobby Craig heard the fading sound of her clicking heels as she walked down the hall. He waited, listening for the elevator before switching on the overhead light. He glanced around his apartment, not forgetting to admire the taste of the interior decorator (Continued on next page)

BEDROOMS AREN'T FOR BOY SCOUTS

FICTION BY MORTON J. GOLDING

BEDROOMS AREN'T FOR BOY SCOUTS

who designed it. With its plush furniture, its carefully selected pictures, it was perfectly made for one single purpose: The seduction of a woman.

Craig emptied the ash-trays, turned off the radio and re-made his bed. "At last," he said aloud, when the room was in darkness and he could sink into the bed's expensive softness. "At last I can be by myself and get some rest." He closed his eyes and was asleep before he had time to think another thought. The next morning he woke up aching in every part of his body. His head felt as if it were going to detach itself from his shoulders. His eyes burned and a fuzzy taste was in his mouth. He dragged himself out of bed and over to his bathroom mirror. "My God," he said to his image. "You look awful." He did, too. His red-rimmed eyes were sinking into his skull and his mouth had a nervous twitch. "And how does it feel, old boy, to be the man who can get any woman he chooses?" he asked the horror in the mirror. Since his image showed no signs of answering, he continued, himself. "It feels rotten—that's how it feels!"

It was not so much the ability to make it with any woman, at all, that was getting him down, he decided as he splashed water over his face. It was having to prove it at least one time a night and sometimes as often as three or four or more. It was a killing pace. Literally killing! He shuddered—thinking of the autopsy report and wondering how they would explain it. He had to do something about it. He was going to do something about it!

The first step was to see Matty Friar, his agent, the man who guided his career as singer, actor and lover. He had to see Matty before doing anything else. And Matty would not be happy with his decision.

Matty's office was a brief fifteen minute cab ride from the apartment. Craig drank a cup of coffee, made a quick phone call to say that he was coming and dashed downstairs. When he reached the office, he ignored the two swooning secretaries and pushed into the inner sanctum where Matty Friar sat behind his desk, worriedly

puffing his king-sized Havana cigar.

"What's the matter, my boy," he said, looking at Craig's harried face. "You know how I think of you. Anything you need, anything you want, just tell Matty Friar."

"I want to quit women for a while."

"You what?"

"I want to quit women."

The agent's jaw went slack and his round face went white under its painfully acquired sun-tan. "How can you do this to me," he moaned. "How can you do this?"

"Look, I..."

"Who built you up into the world's greatest lover? Who got you banned in Boston? Who talked the newspapers into blasting you with editorials? Who got you shot at by an irate husband—and made sure he missed?"

"Why you did. But..."

"And what happened to your income? You're the highest paid singer in the world, aren't you? You have twenty gold records, and any movie you appear in is a guaranteed hit. You don't think you did all that on talent, do you? Singing or acting talent, that is."

"Well, I..."

"My boy, the talent which makes you a success is the talent you use in the bedroom. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but when people come to see you they come to see the world's greatest lover. Man, you make Don Juan look like a boy scout." Matty sighed deeply. "And you want to give all this up—sell out—after all I've done for you. That's gratitude for you!"

"Look, I'm sorry," Bobby Craig said, speaking fast before the agent could interrupt him, again. "But I just can't take any more. Every man has his limit, you know." Talking in a low, hoarse voice, he told Matty how he felt.

The agent looked him over critically. "You do look a little run down," the agent admitted.

"Down," Craig said bitterly. "That's a good description."

"What are your plans?" Matty asked, ignoring the remark.

"I figured I'd just stay away from girls for a couple of months. I won't

approach them and if any chase after me I'll give them the polite 'no thank you.' Then, when I feel better, I'll get back into action, again."

The agent shook his head, morosely. "It won't do."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll be all through, then. The public will have forgotten about you in a couple of months."

"I'll stage a comeback," Craig said, optimistically.

But Matty was still shaking his head. "The word'll get around that there's something wrong with you and you won't be a menace anymore. You ever hear of a sick bedroom menace?"

Craig set his jaw, weakly. "I don't care. I still can't go on."

Suddenly, Matty snapped his fingers. "I got it," he said. "You go away. On a hunting trip. Lovers always go hunting—it makes 'em seem more virile."

"But I don't know how to hunt," Craig pointed out. "I've never shot a gun in my life."

"What difference does that make? We can always hire some one to pull the trigger. The important thing is that you'll be away from women for a while."

"Yes," Craig smiled happily.

During the next couple of weeks, the papers were full of Bobby Craig's hunting expedition. He planned to go to the Northwest, where the country was still relatively free from civilization and where a man could tramp through the woods for days without seeing a town or even a road.

Matty Friar arranged to have photos taken of his client in hunting clothes, holding a shotgun, holding a rifle, and holding a fishing rod. "I want to get back to basic values," Bobby was quoted as saying. "Back to the time when a man was a man and had to go out and kill his own food if he wanted to eat."

It is a known fact that over 150 marriages broke up after the interview appeared, with the wives telling their husbands that they could no longer live with worms. "Why can't you be a man like Bobby Craig?" one woman asked her spouse scornfully. "If you really loved me, you'd go out and bring (Cont. on p. 70)



THE JOKER'S GEMS

A playboy was visiting a psychiatrist who asked, "Are you troubled by any sexual fantasies?"

"Why no," replied the playboy. "I rather enjoy them."

Probably few men in the world are as stingy as George. If he weren't so stingy he never would have gotten married. The girl he became engaged to got so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. However, she couldn't get the ring off, and so he had to marry her.

A man who was having sexual difficulties with his wife, as the result of drinking was advised to take up yoga. He became pretty good at it

after awhile, having learned to activate long unused muscles.

Later the family physician, who knew about the situation, asked the wife, "Has this yoga stint helped your husband any?"

"Oh sure," the wife replied sarcastically. "Now he can drink while standing on his head."

English newspapers provoked the ire of the country's models by referring to Christine Keeler as a model. "Your disgracing our profession," a statuesque beauty told a reporter.

"But what about the nude painting of her made by the late Dr. Ward?" the reporter asked.

"Hmph," sniffed the model, "he probably did it from memory."

For five years, Joe lived with Ann, a voluptuous blonde. He loved her, but couldn't get himself to make their relationship legal. Then one night, Ann softly told her lover that she was going to have a baby. That did it. Joe immediately decided they should get married. And so they went down to city hall the next day.

Joe's boss at the advertising agency who knew all about the affair, called the young father-to-be, winked, congratulated him and presented him with a raise.

When the baby was born, Joe received another raise. However, as the years went on, several more children were born, and Ann had ceased to be a voluptuous siren. "Joe, we need more money, and you haven't had a raise since our first child was born," she complained. "Tell him about your five children, how you have to sit up nights, wash all the dishes. Play on his sympathies."

Joe agreed. When he returned home that night, Ann asked, "Did you get that raise?"

"Hell, no," Joe replied. "I got fired. The boss said I had too many outside activities."

Mary Widdoes told her friend Polly Glot, "I don't like to tell my men patients that I'm a trained nurse anymore."

"Why not?" was the reply.

"Well," said Mary, "every time I do, these men thrown back their sheets and ask me to prove it."









High Noon



IT USED to be said that the rich are different from the poor because they have more money. Yet, nowadays they have more fun, too. Blonde Joanie Moar (she's rich enough to own a swimming pool) proves she's not really an idle rich by enjoying energetic noontime sport with her neighbor and friend, Carla Gallo. Anyway, this is how the better-off manage to take time off.

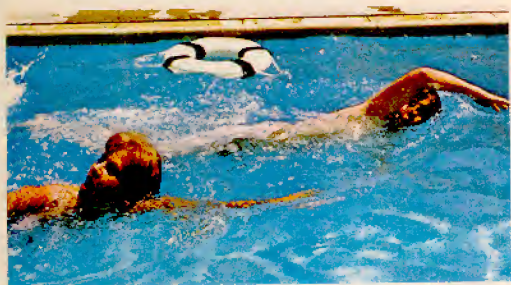
Hi-Jinks

There's a big advantage to owning a private pool—where you can discard your inhibitions with your clothes.





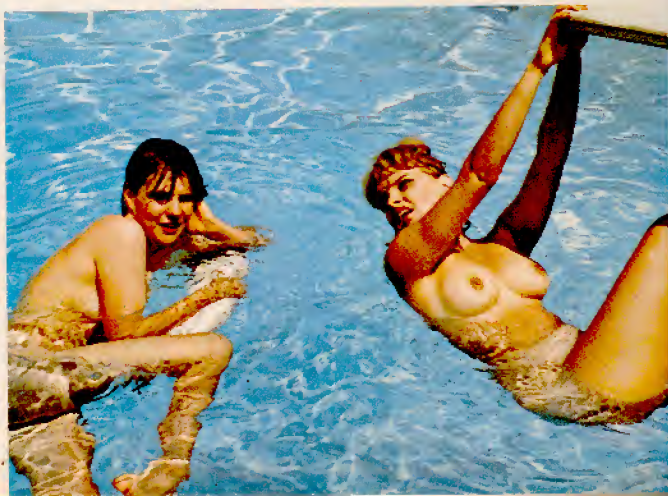




While their successful fathers are out reaping the fruits of working in a free economy, the girls decide to engage in a bit of free competition themselves. Yet, considering the fact that the temperature is nearly 90 degrees and that the sun is ideal for acquiring a brilliant coppery sun tan, neither beauty can wind up a loser today. For one thing's certain—there's no better way to beat the heat.



Carla and Joanie can go off the deep end without worry. Having learned how to swim at an early age, they can remain healthy, wealthy, wise—and beautiful.



*After an active day, the girls are ready for a siesta, happy
that their fiesta proved to be such a wonderful, big splash.*



NURSERY RHYMES

LOUIS' BRITCHES

*Louis' britches falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
Louis' britches falling down,
On the subway.
See him try to hold them up,
Hold them up, hold them up,
See him try to hold them up,
On the subway.
But his belt has stretched and snapped,
Stretched and snapped, stretched and snapped.
Oooh, his belt has stretched and snapped,
On the subway.
And Sam made the pants too big,
Pants too big, pants too big.
Oy! Sam made the pants too big,
For the subway.
Louis' holding packages,
packages, packages.
Louis' holding packages,
On the subway.
Now he lets the bundles go,
Bundles go, bundles go.
Now he lets the bundles go,
In the subway.
As he tries to grab his pants,
Grab his pants, grab his pants.
As he tries to grab his pants,
On the subway.
Now he's got 'em, now he don't!
Now he don't, now he don't!
Now he's got 'em, now he don't!
On the subway.
Louis, he runs out the door,
Out the door, out the door.
Louis, he runs out the door,
Of the subway.
Now poor Louis takes a cab,
Takes a cab, takes a cab.
Now poor Louis takes a cab,
Not the subway.
But his pants still make the trip,
Make the trip, make the trip.
Morn and night they make the trip,
On the subway!*



THERE WAS A CROOKED MOUSE

*There was a crooked mouse, and she walked
a crooked street.
She met a crooked flatfoot, walking
a crooked beat.
He knew a crooked dame, who ran
a crooked house.
And now the split is three-way for the
little crooked mouse!*

PAT-A-CAKE

*Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, housewife's bed!
Sex in Suburbia's quick-or-dead!
Roll her and thank her
And use the back door!
Hubby will be home on the
7:34!*

LITTLE TESSIE TUCKER

*Little Tessie Tucker
Sins for her supper.
What should you pay her?
Cabfare and a fiver.*

*Better make it ten,
Lest she bug your life.
Tessie's not above
Squealing to your wife!*



FOR ADULTS ONLY

SING A SONG OF SEXPOTS

*Sing a song of sexpots,
A party full of rye;
Waiting for the showgirls
Baked in a pie!*

*The boss—with his accountant's help—
Counts up all the checks which
Salesmen on expense accounts
Landed with their sex pitch.*

*When the pie is opened
The girls begin to strip;
And the buyers all agree
It livens up the trip!*

*So sing a song of sexpots;
Sales are on the rise,
Thanks to naughty nudies
Dazzling buyers' eyes!*



PROFUMO, PROFUMO, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

*"Profumo, Profumo,
"Where have you been?
"I've been to London
"To visit Christine."*

*"Profumo, Profumo,
"What did you see?
"The whole British government
"Running from me!"*



JACK AND JILL AND FANNY HILL

*Jack and Jill read "Fanny Hill"
While sipping her Dad's brandy.
What Jack read went to his head,
And Jill thought that was dandy.*

*Up Jack got and home did trot,
Surprised Jill was so easy.
He went to bed to mend his head;
The brandy'd made him queasy.*

*Jill came in, and she did grin
To see Jack's sleep unharried.
"I've news for you! I'm overdue!"
—Now Jack and Jill are married.*

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, VILLAGE BAR

*Twinkle, twinkle, Village bar,
How I wonder what you are!
Nestling on a beatnik street,
Looking oh! so hip, so beat.*

*Painters? Poets? Pot inside?
Pansies? Perverts come to hide?
Winos? Wenches on the make?
My thirst for evil here I'll slake!*

*But, when I go in I see:
TV, juke box, squares like me!
Once again I've been a sap!
Twinkle, twinkle, Tourist Trap!*



NURSERY RHYMES FOR ADULTS ONLY

By Harry Gregory

ARE YOU



"NOBODY LOVES a fat man, but oh, how a fat man can love," according to the old song. However, the latest scientific investigations on the relationship between the appetite for food and the appetite for sex have resulted in data which label the ditty more a warbling of wishful thinking than actual truth. It isn't the way females react to the fat cat's rotundity which keeps him from tomcatting; rather it's the fact that his obesity has rendered him sluggish in matters of passion.

"Obesity reduces sex interest," according to dietary expert Donald G. Cooley in his book, *The New Way To Eat and Get Slim*. Medical and nutritional research bear him out. And psychologists bring forth many mental reasons to the physical ones which cause the chubby chap to tend toward being under-sexed.

The primary physical factor affecting male passion is the sex glands. These are regulated by the pituitary which also regulates the thyroid gland which interacts to some extent with the sex glands. The thyroid, reacting directly to the amounts of food a man eats, is impaired by over-eating, and, in the words of Dr. Kinsey in his study



EATING

Sexual Behavior of the Human Male, thus "affects the sexual activity of the individual."

Another reason Mr. Five-By-Five finds his amorous activities waning is more obvious. Quite simply, all that extra weight he's carrying around is a drain on his energy. He's apt to prove too weary to engage in coitus, and if he should, he's likely to find himself a relatively poor lover.

This, naturally, leads to frustrations; and where they can lead, is vividly illustrated by the case of Henry VIII, the famous gluttonous King of England. History tells us Henry was more interested in gorging himself than making love to his various queens. And, on those occasions when he did heave his roly-poly carcass into their boudoirs, he was usually too stuffed to perform.

Recent scientific findings reveal

that men who love to eat well but not wisely are likely to prove unappetizing to those good-looking dishes who want to be romanced—with inspiration.

BY ROBERT G.
WHITE, PH.D.



YOURSELF

A King, of course, couldn't admit to such ineffectuality, and so he beheaded four of his six wives on the pretext that they were frigid. A fifth, Anne Boleyn, was slain for engaging in adultery, a crime which fat Henry's impotency drove her to commit. Henry's lack of sex drive was probably also due to a third physical factor resulting from over-feeding his face. The menus of his royal feasts were noticeably lacking in high-protein foods. And "evidence



SEXLESS?

that proteins are essential for... normal functioning of sex is reasonably conclusive," according to Cooley. He cites a study where young males with normal sex-drives had their protein intake restricted with the following results: "They lost interest in windy corners, cabaret shows, beaches and beauties. Their sex instinct was notably depressed."

Other evidence is provided from the fact that the birth-rate of European countries during the war decreased in direct ratio to the extent to which their populations were deprived of proteins in their diets. Also, Yale University conducted an experiment in which the amount of protein given a group of rats was doubled

with the immediate result that both their sexual activity and birth-rate increased tremendously. Thus, today, the importance of proteins in maintaining a high sex drive is acknowledged by most members of the medical profession. Furthermore it should be noted that most fattening foods are lacking in proteins. They are also lacking in iron, a mineral vital to the male sex drive. (This is the fourth factor which keeps Fat Frankies home nights while thinner, High-Hemoglobin Harolds are out proving their virility.) Lack of iron results in anemia, a common disease among the over-plump, which causes an energy-sapping low hemoglobin count in the blood. Such "tired blood"

makes for tired kanoodling as well.

The fifth anti-sex factor which seems to go hand-in-hand with fatness has to do with vitamins. The sweet-and-starch diet of the fat man is usually as lacking in proper vitamins as in proteins and iron. The different vitamins play important parts in a man's sexual ability.

A deficiency of Vitamin B, for instance, interferes with the proper workings of the adrenal glands and thereby acts to subdue passion. Lack of Vitamin A may cause an erosion of tissues in the sex glands. Vitamin C, according to a study made by Professor Paul H. Phillips of the University of Wisconsin, may by its absence cause both (Cont. on p. 69)









Thirty miles outside of Los Angeles, with an old farm house as her pad, Sue's really got it made. She can live the way she pleases.



Whenever the mood strikes her, she'll write some poetry. Her lines are a great pleasure to scan.







America's Beatnik Beauty

When we ran the article,

"How JFK killed the

Beatniks" (In January's

issue), little did we

realize that there are

still good reasons why

the movement stays alive

—like a cool, redheaded

chick, named Sue Kent,

man! Even squares will

admit beat beauties like

her are hard to beat.



There are also many times when Sue likes to go in for a busy session of painting. Her efforts may not be great, but she delights in the "easel" life.



She loves reading Allen Ginsburg, whom she calls "the Keats of the beats," also likes Jack Kerouac.















In
Se
as
di



It's hard to believe, but Sue recently turned down a chance to take a Hollywood screen test.

Said she: "I can always take a part-time job whenever I need to earn some bread. Besides, if you ask me, I think movies these days are strictly for squares." It's a cinch, though, that if she did make the films, she'd be helping plenty of squares to enjoy a happier, well-rounded life.



H.B. Harris

Even though a luscious lass should prove ready and willing, a man shouldn't kid himself about what he can do.

I'M 22 YEARS OLD and at last I'm not a virgin any more. Maybe that seems a minor accomplishment for a guy my age to boast about in today's free-wheeling world. But you see, I'm a special case—a hard case, you might say—and have been ever since that confidence-shaking summer when I was 15 years old. Before then I had nothing but confidence where things like sex and women were concerned. Having no experience with either, why not?

It was the first summer I went with my family to the Cape instead of being shipped off to a boy's camp for vacation. My parents' vacation that is, not mine. I hated that camp and even today I'm unconvinced that the privileges of hiking till your feet blister, eating half-cooked potatoes over an open fire, making your own bed, washing your own clothes, listening to sex lectures from counselors only a few years older than yourself are really the elements of the ideal vacation. But my parents remained convinced that it was Nirvana they were shipping me to each summer—until my 15-year-old brain stumbled on the subtlety of implying that sodomy ran rampant at the camp and that the owner had the reputation among the boys of being off-beat. None of this was really true—at least, not overtly so—but it did the trick. When the hemming and hawing had cleared and the blushes subsided, it was decided. I was to

spend the summer on the Cape with the folks.

Even before the summer started, I began making plans. You see, although I'd known some girls and heard lots of talk from older boys, I had no first-hand experience of this thing which so clearly separated the boys-who-were-men from the boys-who-were-boys. Thus it was my intention to make of this summer the proving-ground of my manhood.

To do this, I realized that I had to project a certain kind of image—one I'd had no experience with before. I had to put myself across as a sophisticated guy who'd been around—preferably a guy of around 18 or 19. You see, the one thing my former fumbblings had taught me was that a fellow who *seems* to know what it's all about will get a lot further with girls—particularly those who've had some experience of their own—than the fellow who's blatantly a young innocent.

In a couple of ways, I was lucky in establishing this image. I was a big kid for my age and all those summers of hiking at camp had filled me out, given me muscles and the physical development that goes with an older appearance. So I could pass for a college boy. Also, nobody knew me at the Cape, so I could invent any kind of background for myself I wanted. I settled on Harvard because I'd heard of the beer parties they had there. Also, it was (*Cont. on next page*)

The Effervescing Casanova

FICTION BY ED KNORR



THE EFFERVESCING CASANOVA

close enough to make mysterious allusions to wild weekends in New York with chorus girls sound plausible. I even bought a Harvard sweat-shirt to wear on the beach and invented a Radcliffe girl with whom I'd had the "compleat affair" until her parents had switched her over to Vassar in order to split us up.

This was all groundwork, laid with remarks dropped to kids I met on the beach and in the local pizza hangout. And I made sure, of course, that these kids were in the right age bracket. I avoided the kids of my own age like the plague. I was after the real thing, the ultimate experience, the willing older woman to initiate me into the mysteries of sex sans pekee and compassion.

I found what I was looking for—or at least I thought I'd found it—about three weeks after we came to the Cape. Her name was Lorraine Farrar and at very first glance she had all the qualifications—visually, anyway—that I was seeking.

Lorraine was the type you'd describe as hot-eyed—although the long-lashed blinking which conjures up the description was really due to myopia. But she had the Chinese cheekbones and tousled black hair to complete the come-hither-ness of the category. And she'd mastered the art of pursing her lips in a way that made the most mundane words fall out of her mouth like glittering invitations to a night in the harem.

But if the invitations were to be taken seriously, the harem was redundant. From neck to shiny pedicure Lorraine's equipment was sufficient unto the Arabian night. In short, she was stacked like a brick burlesque house.

Yet, despite her eye appeal, Lorraine wasn't noticeably popular with the fellows. This was particularly surprising since casual inquiries had revealed to me that Lorraine had also acquired over the past three or four summers something of a reputation for casual promiscuity. Indeed, after talking to quite a few of the guys around, it began to seem that I might well be the only male of college age (I'd even begun to think of myself this way, you see) who hadn't made it with her. But, it seemed that once having been granted her favors, males lost interest in her. The reason, I gathered, was that although she was a Bennington College sophomore, Lorraine wasn't very bright. The opinion seemed to be that her round-heeled ways were actually an over-compensation for her verbal and social deficiencies. As one of the fellows put it, "you feel like you should say something afterwards, but with Lorraine there's

just nothing to say. She digs sex, and she's hip to all the lines and all the angles, but once it's over, you find out that's absolutely all she knows. Hell, there's no rapport, if you know what I mean. Still, she's damn good, and I suppose every guy should give her a tumble at least once."

Well, I was for that. The more I thought about her, the more I realized that Lorraine Farrar was perfect for my purposes. Even her density was to my advantage, since it would make my imposture easier to carry through. If I played my cards right, I could work it so she'd be teaching me without her even knowing she was doing it. All I had to do was follow her leads quickly enough.

So I got myself introduced to her on the beach, asked her out and was accepted. I planned the evening carefully. First some dancing and a few beers at a roadhouse the college kids hung out at. Then a slow walk to town for some hamburgers, or pizza, or something. And then the long walk back from town along the deserted beach with its selection of cozy rock crannies nestling in the moonlight. At some point during this walk, I envisioned the pause during which Lorraine would fall to the sand like a ripe blossom awaiting the fierce onslaught of the virile bee which was me. In the impatience of my imaginings, I even saw this scene taking place—with the fury of passion that wouldn't be stayed—during our first stroll from the roadhouse to town. The beer, I reasoned, might spur our desires to make the earlier event the more likely.

I even carried this daydream past its climax and saw myself becoming bored by Lorraine as the others said they had. I saw myself the weary and sophisticated lover tactfully easing himself out of the situation. And I'd be tactful all right—tactful and kind and forbearing. After all, even if she'd never have guessed it, Lorraine would have done me a great favor. The least I owed her in return was the courtesy of allowing myself to be bored. Neither cad, nor ingrate would I be.

I went over the sequence empty-dozen times and finally it was time to pick up Lorraine. She was a V-necked vixen in a summer frock that might have looked simple on another girl, but was made more complex on her by the ingredients she'd poured into it. Her arm slipped through mine brought her breast in contact with my elbow which immediately developed into a mobile—if limited—erogenous zone. She

noticed and commented on it as we walked.

"I've seen roamin' hands and rushin' fingers," she said, "but this is the first time I ever saw such a Hung'ry elbow."

"Am I in Dutch?" I left my elbow where it was, waiting for her answer to tell me if I was maybe rushing things.

She laughed. "You're fast. But then I never met a Harvard man who wasn't."

The elbow settled in securely. "They don't call us tigers for nothing," I told her.

"I thought tigers were Princeton." She looked at me curiously.

"Yeah. Sure. I mean my club. That's what they call us—tigers."

"What club's that?" "Skull-and-bones." I desperately grabbed for the first name I could remember.

"That's Yale . . . Say, are you sure you go to Harvard?"

"Of course. You don't think I'd lie about a thing like that, do you?"

"Well, I don't know."

We'd reached the roadhouse by that time, and I managed to get her sidetracked onto some beer and dancing and some talk about the other kids there before her suspicions had time to jell. After the first couple of beers, she forgot all about it and was decidedly friendlier and warmer—particularly as we danced. She sure did like beer. I wasn't too used to it myself though, and I found myself getting dizzy trying to keep up with her. Luckily, she was a big talker, and all I had to do was keep nodding my head and wait for the dizziness to go away.

"Oooh! They're playing the Hucklebuck. Come on." She grabbed my hand and I found myself tripping onto the dance floor behind her.

I didn't know the dance. I guess it was before my time, but I wasn't about to admit that to Lorraine, even in my confused state. It was sort of a speeded-up Lindy with variations, and I tried to fake it. I might have gotten away with it, too, if my reflexes and sense of balance hadn't been all scrambled from the beer.

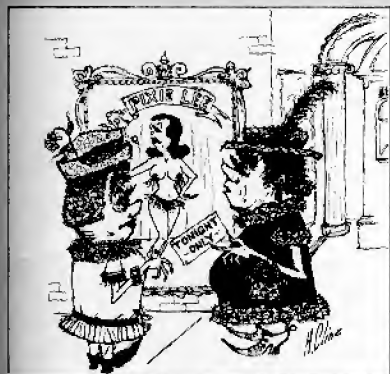
As it happened, it proved disastrous. I spun Lorraine around a couple of times, and then got over-confident. I twirled her away from me violently with one hand, let go, and then reached to retrieve her with the other. I was too late. I'd thrown her too fast and grabbed too slow. Lorraine went careening into a table and landed with her derriere in a plate of french fries and her elbow in (Cont. on p. 81)



Frights For



Sore Eyes



"I'll bet she knows nothing about making oatmeal cookies."



"But . . . you told me that anytime I was entertaining gentlemen I was to leave the door open, Mother."



"Wilbur, I don't think you have what it takes to get ahead in this business."



"Damn it, Brady, don't you know there's a war on?"









The Brightest Lights of



Ann Taussig



Diane George



Sally Bergquist



Gina DiPaolo









Sybil Franklin



Ginger Phillips



Night School

Ever since 1826, when the Lyceum of Boston was organized to provide education for adults, night schools have been mushrooming steadily all over the U.S. Today it is estimated that nearly 35 million men and women are attending classes for the purpose of getting diplomas, advanced degrees, specialized training or just plain general knowledge. With night school having achieved such popularity, the editors of ACE conducted a private survey to discover the most popular night school coeds. The twelve winners with the most dazzling looks are shown on these pages. Like most after-dark scholars, these beauties also work during the day. Some are actresses and models, while others are office workers and secretaries. Yet, while these lasses may have looks that seem too good to be true, they're all striving for higher learning (which philosophers call the real good, true and beautiful). Most of all, these glamor queens are proving that where education has become an adult affair, night life couldn't be brighter or more exciting.

◀ Shirley Drexler











Trina Boca

*Sandra DeAuteil
(This Issue's Cover Girl)*



Heloise Stahl

Maryann Dempster



Though they know the ABC's of
glamor these smart-looking beauties

also know that nowadays it's the smart girl who gets "a-head" in life. With brains to
match their glamor, it's quite understandable why they're the apple of their teachers' eyes.









Karen Werner

A LOOK AT AMERICA'S



BY STAN LOFT

TODAY'S ROMEO'S REVEAL IT TAKES MORE THAN MONEY TO
GIVE THEIR PLAYMATES THAT "SWOONDERFUL" FEELING.

FASTEST PLAYING PLAYBOYS

NOT LONG AGO, a Hollywood studio, in an effort to build up one of its new TV actors as a dashing lover, set its publicity grist mills to work. For Hollywood, the promotion was—purely and simply—standard operating procedure. But for the young actor, who was dutifully given to writing weekly letters to his mother, the charades was more than he could bear. He was bored by his dates with the studio's more promising sexpots. He was mortified by rumors of his involvement in two paternity suits. And finally he became dazed and terrified when a New York model he had been seeing eventually fell in love with him. In desperation the actor "disappeared" on a round-the-world cruise—but before departing, he told the press, "The studio is nuts. They're trying to make me into a playboy. But that sort of stuff is old hat. It doesn't exist anymore."

True, the Hollywood publicity hacks are living in the past. The old-time hard-drinking, wild-playing Romeos have disappeared from the scene. Yet, in their place you'll find a playboy with a different image—a more philosophic, French-lover type, who thought he's dedicated to preserving his bachelorhood, isn't afraid to enjoy a deep relationship with a woman.

There are good reasons for this: Taxes have cut deeply into the amount of swag a man has to throw around nowadays, expense accounts notwithstanding; the guys in the high-income brackets generally are talented individuals who enjoy working as hard as they do playing; and being high-calibered men, they usually seek out females who have more on the ball than being willing, ready and able to make do with a pretty face and a luscious figure.

Perhaps nobody has learned the fact that you can't let playing interfere with working more than the screwball pitcher of the Los Angeles Angels, Bo Belinsky. A sharp man with the curves, both on-field and off, Bo, having set his mind to it, managed to hurl a no-hitter during his rookie season. However, the young man couldn't resist the subsequent attention that was heaped upon him (much of it feminine) and eventually slipped back into his old form of being an in-and-out-er.

In the minors Bo had a so-so record on the mound—and possibly because he was paying more attention to curves off the diamond. While pitching for Pensacola he created quite a furor with a Filipino glamor queen named Zenaida Abella, who eventually followed him to the Los Angeles training camp.

Eventually Bo broke off with her and pitched his no-hitter. Then he made headlines when well-stacked showgirl accused him of belting her around in his car in the early hours of the morning. She later sued him for \$150,000, claiming she was "so physically manhandled and mauled" that she incurred permanent injuries. Bo denied that he socked her, saying that she merely bumped her head on his car, following an argument.

Later the Angels' playboy was observed making the

scene with Ann-Margret and Connie Stevens. Finally he became engaged to blonde bombshell Mamie Van Doren, of whom he said, "She'll help me keep my mind on my pitching."

As it turned out, though, Bo's mind was more on pitching woo than baseball. When the Angel management—thoroughly disgusted at the way Belinsky preferred having a ball to playing ball—decided to ship him down to the minors, he broke off with his red-hot Mamie. Even today, observers will tell you that Bo's success as a playboy will depend on his success as a pitcher—and he'll only make it big in both departments when he can separate the two activities in his mind.

Perhaps Bo should take a cue from circus impresario John Ringling North or designer Oleg Cassini, two eminent successes, both with women and work.

An old-timer, North dates back to the era when playboys wooed flappers over bathtub gin. Nevertheless, following the crash in 1929, North displayed the fact that he possessed too much intelligence and drive to disappear into obscurity, and eventually he took over the family circus, quickly becoming the big man of the Big Top.

(Cont. on next page)



A LOOK AT AMERICA'S FASTEST PLAYING PLAYBOYS

However, while he was keeping the public happy by plying them with his inimitable collection of freaks, acrobats and animals, he still managed to find time to dally with socialite Liz Whitney, French actress Germaine Aussey (whom he married and divorced), another French actress, Danielle Darrieux, showgirl Ann Mace, starlet Gloria Drew and another starlet, Dodie Heath (persistently gossiped as becoming or being the next Mrs. North).

Oleg Cassini, on the other hand, has proved an equally prodigious bachelor. Internationally famous as a designer of clothes for women, Cassini (unlike other men in his field) has displayed a flair for charming girls, as well as keeping them in stitches.

In his younger day, Oleg revealed a more serious attitude about the opposite sex. He fell in love with patent medicine heiress, madcap Merry Fahrney, sufficiently to marry her, but after twenty minutes, called it off and hied to the West Coast, where he became a designer for Paramount. There he met Gene Tierney, and once again Cupid's marksmanship sent him scurrying down the wedding aisle.

However, since his second divorce, Cassini has managed to play it "cool" with the girls, reaping both their plaudits and their sighs. Included in his list of conquests have been Barbara Freking (who also modeled for him), Marci Massi and Grace Kelly (for whom he has continued designing since her marriage to Prince Ranier).

Of the younger generation, perhaps nobody can qualify as much as Marlon Brando for being an avidly successful playboy. Much snickering comment has been made about Brando's penchant for oriental beauties; his so-called inferiority complex; and his zany penchant for dressing in beatnik garb while taking in the offbeat coffee houses.

Nevertheless, the truth is, while scoffers come and go, Brando continues to carry on in strong style. His acting skill has brought him tremendous wealth, as well as critical acclaim. Said one New York reviewer: "He is unquestionably the top American actor today." Yet, his dalliance with the opposite sex has

managed to make headlines with two allegations of fathering infants out of wedlock.

Just as Brando has created a new image for the American actor, so also has he established a unique stamp for the U.S. playboy. Said one associate: "You have to understand that Marlon just isn't typical in anything he does. You can accuse him of self-consciously trying to be different, but that doesn't apply to the way he behaves with women. Marlon actually falls in love with the girls he goes steady with. Whether the relationship lasts a week or six months, he's deeply in love."

As one wag put it, "Brando's amours may have taken an oriental slant, but the accent is strictly French." Light-hearted as the remark may be, it is actually a tribute to the star.

Such an attitude would be viewed dimly by the self-appointed lama of the so-called modern playboy, Hugh Hefner; for while the bunny king espouses a new sexual freedom for the American male, he actually harks back anachronistically to the booze and floozie days of the Twenties when the most a girl could mean to a man was being an impersonal plaything.

"What we're selling is good, healthy, upbeat revolt against the things that have been ruining America," said Hefner. "Our philosophy is that you should work hard and play hard and strive to get into the sophisticated upper crust."

Whereas the work-and-play dedication certainly does characterize the modern American playboy, one wonders whether the men who practice what they preach really resemble Hefner's image of an F. Scott Fitzgerald social climber.

Undisputed king of today's active American playboys is singer-actor-producer-tycoon Frank Sinatra, whose list of girls linked to his name would fill a Manhattan phone directory.

An unquestioned success, an avid reader of books, an intimate of Presidents' and industrialists, Sinatra could probably be described as one who strove and succeeded in getting into the "sophisticated upper crust."

Yet, somehow, the behind-the-scene antics of the man who still

makes women swoon, as he did when he was known as the Voice, fail to fit the image of Hefner's playboy. His unpredictable flareups at the press; his outbursts of generosity toward his friends; his penchant for practical jokes (like the time he led his "rat pack" onto a Hollywood night club stage, disrupting a performance by Eddie Fisher); his entertaining Chicago mobster Sam Giancana at his Cal-Neva Lodge (which provoked the ire of the Nevada officials and led to his selling his entire gambling interests in that state); his announcement to the press that he was marrying Juliet Prowse (solely to build up her stock as an entertainer); all of these antics do not characterize a man who is overly worried about what others think of him.

One girl who knew Sinatra and who didn't want to be identified told this reporter, "On the surface he tries to act hardboiled. He calls every girl, 'George.' Yet, if he likes you, he can't stay hardboiled for long. He treats you like a friend, an equal. And of course, if he loves you, he can be very tender and passionate."

This is a quite different impression from the one created by a Playboy Club bunny who appeared on a television show two years ago and said, "I don't really like the picture of the female being only an accessory of a man." The girl's outspokenness caused her to be fired, and later Victor Lowmes III, a Hefner aide admitted, "I guess we do express an anti-feminist point of view, and we might be somewhat in error in not giving the exceptional woman full credit. But we firmly believe that women are not equal to men."

It's a cool, detached attitude and hardly an accurate description of the men who love to play with women. For whether Hefner chooses to recognize the fact or not, American (and even European) females have been emancipated for some time now. You can't be a makeout artist with a come-on that went out of style with the 1929 crash.

A case in point occurred not long ago on the Via Veneto, when hard-playing (when he's not hard-working) John Barrymore Jr. made headlines as the result of another of his frequent brawls. (Cont. on p. 82)

SATIRE

BY WELLES DAWES



Love is a Sloppy Affair

*Real-life men and women have to work
hard to match fictional lovers at play*

HE TAKES her in his strong, manly arms and their lips meet, clinging together with the smouldering awakening of passion. Slowly, they sink to the couch. His fingers tangle in her hair as the kiss sets their bodies aflame. His other hand slides between the buttons of her blouse and with feverish quickness starts to undo them. Later he begins to gently stroke the length of her tawny, silken legs. Their clothes fall away. Briefly their bodies are caught in a moment of ecstasy. And then—
Fade-out!

You've seen the above scene, or variations of it, in a hundred foreign movies. You've seen watered-down versions in many a Hollywood film. You've seen still weaker dramatizations in stageplays. And you've read descriptions of such love scenes—in varying degrees of torridity—in one novel after another.

But the novelist, the playwright, the penner of scenarios is in actuality the wishful thinker for us all.

He's the pattern-maker of the sex scene, and while he may not dream them up out of whole cloth, he's still trimming away quite a bit of reality. The scene he's painting is an ideal, and sex in practice falls far short of the ideal.

Take the scene described above. It ain't necessarily so. Why? Because love is a sloppy affair; that's why! In real life it would probably come off more as follows:

He takes her in his arms and their noses collide painfully. Their lips meet and he's overwhelmed—by the smell of garlic on her breath; she wishes he'd ease up on the pressure—his snag tooth is puncturing her upper lip. Her feet hurt and his arm's growing tired of supporting her, so they both try to shift to a more comfortable position at the same time with the result that they lose their balance and fall awkwardly onto the bed. His fingers tangle in her hair and she yells: "Be careful, you jerk, I just had a permanent!" his other hand slides

See next page

LOVE IS A SLOPPY AFFAIR

to her breast where it becomes caught between the wires of her bra and the disappointing flab inside; this cuts off the circulation and his fingers grow numb. Finally he works it loose and strokes her legs, noting with distaste that she hasn't shaved them recently; the skin feels like the "Before" part of a Gillette razor ad. They undress and it takes him a good five minutes to figure out how to undo the clasp at the back of her bra; also, the zipper of his pants catches and his momentary agony almost makes him say, "The hell with it." Finally their clothes are off and they look at each other. She focuses on his pot-belly. He can't take his eyes off the carbuncle coming to a head on her left buttock. And so they come together awkwardly and make love...

Well, maybe that's an exaggeration. But men and women being what they are, life being what it is, and sex being what it is, it's a damn sight more likely a description than any apt to be offered in books, plays, or movies. Let's just take a look at the people involved, for instance:

In fiction they're gods and goddesses, perfectly formed, physically flawless, mature perhaps, but never aging, ripe, but never fat, stocky maybe, but never squat. Yet take a look around you. What do you see?

For every girl with a perfect, slender figure there are ten losing the battle against flab. For every girl with a perfect, upthrust bust, there are a dozen who are under-endowed, who sag, who have size but lack shape. For every girl with satiny skin and a peaches-and-cream complexion there are those who are sallow, who suffer from acne, hives and periodic outbreaks of pimples. For every pair of long, supple, graceful legs there are a pair apiece that bow, that are skinny and scrawny, that belong on a piano, that are too hairy.

Nor do the fellows come off much better. Some guys may be able to measure up to the hairy-chested, flat-bellied, broad-shouldered, muscular, agile heroes of fiction, but most of us can't quite make it. Many a man who can raise a yardful of crabgrass with no trouble at all can't manage to sprout so much as a follicle on his chest. And no matter how much some of us suck our stomachs in, that beer-bulge can't be hid. Also, if you've matured with skinny shoulders there's not much can be done about it. An entire large segment of the male population sits at a desk all day, its muscles left behind with

its high school letter. As for agility, a look at the average guy on a dance-floor labels him about as graceful as a hippo trying to keep its balance on a high-wire.

With such real-life men and women for openers, it's easy to see why the course of lovemaking rarely runs the way the fictioneers portray it. Yet they go on perpetuating certain ploys just as though they were absolute "musts" in the game of love. Let's take a look at some of these gambits and see what may happen when they come up in real life:

The Adolescent Kiss is invariably an osculatory awakening in fiction; it stirs up the glands, sends the blood coursing, speeds up the respiration, ignites young love until the lovers melt and fuse into a well-dramatized Kinsey statistic. The possibilities in real-life, while perhaps not so romantic, are more down-to-earth. Maybe their braces lock. Maybe a cop comes along and shines his flashlight in the back of the car. More likely, the girl begins to giggle; in real life that first kiss is apt to be inept, unsatisfying and sloppy—the kind of kiss more likely to incite laughter than to ignite passions.

Romantic Atmosphere always hangs heavy in fiction, usually consisting of soft music floating out of a radio, heady perfume floating from the general direction of the lady and moonlight floating in through a convenient window. Floating along to actuality, we find the ardent lover spraining a hip trying to time his movements to the Sousa march which has suddenly blared forth from the radio, sneezing his head off because he's allergic to Milady's scent, and tripping over the night-table in the darkness as a cloud obscures the moon.

Spontaneous Combustion is currently much in favor in novels like those of Henry Miller which find the protagonist chalking up his sex score as he encounters it, with nary a pause between the urge and the act—or between the acts, for that matter. Thus sex flares up in such unlikely places as the embankment of a railroad track, the public hallway of an apartment building, in a Paris lavatory, atop a desk in an office and (rampant, but unfulfilled) on the subway during the rush-hour. With all due respect to Miller, we can't recommend his choice of locales for real-life lovemaking. It would be a hell of a note to have one's passion cut short by the Union Pacific running ahead of schedule;

apartment house lobbies are prone to all kinds of interruptions, including fresh kids who think it's fun to chalk up everything—and everybody—in sight; even in Paris the lavatories are sometimes called into use for pursuits other than lovemaking; desk-top sex may result in a staple-perforated posterior, ink-stained undies, office gossip and worse; and subway seductions during the rush present the problem of being sure that one is fondling the right female—fondling the wrong one can lead to all sorts of difficulties, the least of which might be a black eye.

Down-to-earthiness, known on the literary scene as "realism," marks Miller's sex scenes as it does those of his erotic-minded predecessor, D. H. Lawrence. Unlike Miller, Lawrence liked to portray his sex in pastoral settings. His Lady Chatterley and her gamekeeper seem always to be frolicking over some meadow, pausing periodically to entwine some form of vegetation around the most unlikely parts of the body, an activity which spurs them on to some of the most-detailed lovemaking in English literature. Well, there are bucolic types who dig this sort of thing. One such couple found a spot far enough removed from the highway traffic to give it a whirl. The result was two of the worst cases of poison oak on record; it's perhaps a tribute to Lawrence that there wasn't a spot on either of their bodies free of the rash.

Easy Adultery marks Lady Chatterley, but it's even easier in the novels of today, like those of John O'Hara. Indeed, O'Hara has transformed this theme into a life's work. Nobody, but nobody, in his books ever remains faithful to a husband or wife. And they accomplish their adulteries with such ease! In *Elizabeth Appleton* the straying wife sneaks her lover into her bedroom as soon as the children are asleep; in *A Rage To Live*, she makes it in a nearby barn just after watching a stallion mate a mare; in *Ten North Frederick* the hero takes his daughter's best friend away for a weekend as though it was the easiest thing in the world to arrange. Well, here's a word of warning to would-be adulterers: it ain't quite that easy. Kids have a way of waking up and wandering into the bedroom even when husbands and wives are making love, let alone during illicit kanoodling; and it be known that nothing can cool a lover's warmth so effectively as the nudge (Cont. on p. 79)

Cynthia Marvel has a fancy time, visiting an old, remodeled California home, but what catches her fancy most is a French statue, a true ...



Collector's Item



See next page





A wrought-iron lamp, brought over from Germany, is another relic, relished by visiting beauty.



On the grounds of this old home, sightseeing Cynthia turns out to be a nifty sight herself.



While following Miss Marvel around on her tour, our photographer found everything turned out "Marvel-ously."



Among the valued *objets d'art* was an old opium pipe (see opp. page). No need to fill it here, however, with scintillating Cynthia around. A vision to behold, she proves to be what dreams are made of—as well as the most treasured collector's item in the house.







She Could Have Belly Danced All Night

"HEY! That's for me," Jim Luftus grinned happily, as he stared at the girl in the abbreviated harem costume who was just preparing to go into her dance.

"For me," Fred Brighten corrected. Only he was in deadly earnest.

The two girls at the table glanced at each other sympathetically, as if agreeing that they had made a big mistake in allowing the men to take them to this night club. They were sisters. Sally and Rita Martin. Sally and Jim had a thing going and, since Fred was Jim's best friend, the four of them sometimes double-dated. Tonight, they were all together at the Cairo Room—a place renowned for its belly dancers. And Nella Amour, the young lady who had stepped onto the stage, was described by the local press as being the most beautiful example of the breed that even the Cairo Room had ever seen.

The two women sighed and resigned themselves to letting their dates stare at Nella. There was really nothing else that they could do. Nella was something to stare at! Her long, bare torso did not have the pudgy, fleshy look of so many belly dancers. Between the barely adequate bra and the

bikini briefs with their trailing transparent skirts, her body was as supple and flexible as that of a snake. And the twistings and contortions it went through would have made any self-respecting serpent green with envy. As soon as the lush, oriental music began, it was obvious that Nella's belly dance was far from abstract. Every little movement, indeed, had a meaning all its own—and it was perfectly plain as to exactly what that meaning was. Even the women had a certain amount of unwilling admiration in their eyes. As for the men, they were fascinated.

"A girl like that can be dangerous," Jim Luftus said when Nella was through.

"What do you mean?" Fred asked slowly, as he gradually came out of his trance.

"If she should give one of those body shakes at the wrong time, it could damn near kill a man."

"What a way to go," Fred sighed, dreamily.

"I think you're disgusting," Rita said, pointing her nose at the ceiling.

"Both of you," her sister agreed.

Jim turned to Sally in order to recapture lost ground. Soon the two of them were laughing, touching their legs together (*Cont. on next page*)

**Whenever this sizzling siren performed,
she had a lot more twists than met the eye.**

FICTION BY ROGER ROYALL



SHE COULD HAVE BELLY DANCED ALL NIGHT

and giving every indication that they could hardly wait to be indecently alone. Fred, on the other hand, was hardly bothering to pay attention to his date. He had never been in love with Rita, but she was a slim and attractive girl whom he normally paid a good deal of attention to. Being a gentleman, for example, he would always try to go just a little bit further than he knew she'd allow and let her be the one to chase him home.

But not tonight. Tonight, he was in an oriental trance. After they all left the club, Sally and Jim did their usual disappearing act in order to make a stop over at Jim's place. Fred took Rita to the apartment she shared with her sister. This was the moment for the friendly wrestling match, when one of Fred's hands dove down while the other would attempt to climb. Rita braced herself for the onslaught, thinking—as she had before—that one of these days she just might let him have what he was after.

Only, no onslaught came! Fred kissed the indignant girl lightly on the cheek and went home to dream of belly dancers.

The next morning he decided that life wouldn't be worth living unless he could at least meet Nella. He got the address of her hotel through the simple maneuver of calling the theatre and pretending to be a newspaper columnist. Using the same approach, he was able to arrange to visit her that same afternoon.

Nella had a suite of two rooms at the Hotel Randolph, a lush modernistic hostelry which catered mainly to middle-class tourists, travelling salesmen and show-business personalities. When Nella opened the door, she was dressed in a neat and modest suit which tried its best to hide her natural charms. The suit was so unsuccessful in dimming her dazzle, however, that Fred did not even notice the small, mousey looking man who was sitting quietly in the corner until Nella introduced them.

"This is Allan Grippe, my orchestral arranger," she said.

Fred felt an immediate twinge of jealousy which vanished as he shook hands with the man who seemed

like a collection of oddly assorted animals. The hand clasp was fish-like, the face was owl-like as the arranger shifted back and forth on his feet like a nervous colt.

Nella quickly got rid of this human zoo, and tossed the most overwhelming smile at Fred that he had ever caught.

"Now, about that interview," she said.

"I... I'm afraid I came here under false pretenses," Fred admitted, nervously.

"Oh?"

"Yes. I... I saw you at the Cairo Room last night and I fell in love with you, there." Those words, when repeated, may sound silly and unconvincing. But Fred put his whole heart and soul into them. He went on, too, telling her exactly how much he loved her and why.

At first, Nella was angry. She had, after all, expected to have a nice write-up in the papers. But no woman can resist undiluted admiration for very long. And Nella was all woman.

"I'm flattered," she murmured, at last. "I'm truly flattered."

"No. Please. I'm the one who is flattered, just to be talking to you, here. Even if we never see each other again. Just to be able to keep the memory that you and I were once alone, together..."

Nella fluttered her long, dark eyelashes.

"May I have one more favor?" Fred asked, hesitatingly. "I know it's presumptuous, but..."

"Yes?"

"May I have... one kiss?"

Nella nodded her head, regally, and Fred's mouth brushed lightly against her delectable lips. At least it started out to be a light brush. Once Fred felt their lips touch, however, every gentlemanly and/or shy impulse left him. His arms tightened about her as of their own volition. He clamped her against him and bore in bravely until a lack of oxygen made it impossible for him to go on.

"My goodness," Nella said, weakly, "you do have hidden talents, Mr. Brighton."

"You didn't mind?"

"I don't think so," the girl said, opening her arms wide. "Let's try it again and find out."

Just at that moment there was a ring at the door. Nella stepped back, her eyes darting in panic. "Quick," she said. "Tell me how I can get in touch with you."

"But..."

The door bell rang again. It had an urgent sound to it.

"Hurry."

Fred scribbled his address and phone number on a piece of paper and handed it to her. Nella stuffed it inside her bodice and opened the door. The largest man Fred had ever seen walked into the room. He was dressed in an Eastern looking costume of baggy trousers and loose silk shirt. There was a turban on his head, earrings in his earlobes and massive muscles in his arms. To top off everything else, he was carrying a short but wicked-looking crescent shaped sword.

"What's going on here?" the intruder asked in a deep, heavily accented voice.

"This is Mr. Brighton, Abdul," Nella said, quickly. "He's a reporter."

"Oh," said Abdul, looking Fred over with a hint of disappointment in his eyes.

"Who... who are you?" Fred stuttered.

"He's my guardian," the girl said brightly.

Abdul's booming laughter rang through the room. "Yes. Her husband asked me to take care of her."

"Husband?" Fred squeaked. "I guess I'd better be leaving."

"It would be a good idea."

"But before I go, what is that thing you're carrying?" Fred pointed at the curved blade.

"My scimitar. It is very useful as a discourager of romance." Abdul's laughter boomed, again. "After one quick stroke, a man is no longer interested in love."

"Goodbye," Fred said, exiting hastily. Love was important, he decided. But the ability to make love even more so.

When Fred reached his apartment, he had just about given up hope of ever seeing Nella again. He threw himself on his bed. (Cont. on p. 20)





MISS FROM OL' MISS

While visiting
a friend's plantation
near Liberty, lovely Maria Prokaine
becomes a sight that one can easily cotton to.



SEE NEXT PAGE









A "flower of the South," Maria loves strolling by the ponds as she takes a tour of the plantation.

A city girl (she lives in Jackson), she found herself quite stirred by the nostalgic surroundings.



Unlike most plantation houses, this one was built in English Tudor style. It was recently restored by family of Maria's friend.



FOLLOWING in the footsteps of Mississippi's many famous beauties, lovely Maria Prokaine plans to leave soon for New York City, where she hopes to begin a career in television. A college graduate, with a major in literature, Maria developed a keen interest in William Faulkner, and when she was invited to visit the family's plantation of a friend, not far from where the late, great writer lived, she jumped at the opportunity.

The visit filled her with a keen sense of Southern history and traditions which she hopes to take North with her. It's a cinch that as soon as Maria reaches New York, she'll have men there exclaiming happily, "She's what I like about the South."



Like many beauties from Mississippi, Maria plans to seek a TV career in New York. The odds are good she'll soon be putting the vision into television.



SATIRE BY ROGER WILKINSON

"THIS is a world of satire, a world where people are afraid of reality!" The speaker was Victor Hugo Snarff, one of the most intellectual newspaper editors the world has ever known. "In fact," the great man said, slamming the wall with his fist to emphasize the point, "—them jerks don't know their backsides from their elbows!"

I sat in his office, awed by the overpowering cogency of his argument, and glowed with pride. It was an honor, I felt, to work for such a man. He continued his tirade. "Dr. Angus Sheppard of Glasgow University puts it this way: 'The widespread satire in England and America today stems more from a fear of taking anything seriously than from a deep-seated protest against society's frippery.' Indeed, I agree — the poor boobs are afraid of reality, so they build their own unreal world of satire. They make fun of everything we should hold dear: motherhood, the D.A.R., television, cholesterol — Nothing is safe, nothing is sacred!" His face went livid. "By heaven — they'll be satirizing newspapers next!"

I leaped to my feet. "Why, they'd never dare, Sir! As a cub reporter, I'll defend the sanctity

of —" I tried to think of those things I'd defend.

Mr. Snarff threw an inkwell at me. "Oh, sid-down, fer Chrissake!" He continued. "I want you, the best cub reporter on my staff, to track down this satire story; get the facts, find out who's behind it. Who, that is, is undermining the very bulwarks upon which society stands by means of this most insidious device ever perpetrated by man or fiend. I believe you understand me." One shaggy eyebrow rose up into his hairline.

I didn't, but I could guess. "Y—you mean—Communists?"

He nodded. "Exactly. I been fighting them bastards for forty years. It was bad enough when they took over Russia and then China. I didn't mind so much when they wrecked Cuba and like that. But this satire stuff—well, it's time to really fight back! They're not going to make fun of my newspaper!"

Mr. Snarff's paper is the *Daily Monthly*. It's called that because although it would like to be a daily it comes out monthly. Mr. Snarff isn't against progress, exactly, but he thinks we're moving ahead too fast. You know, automation and stuff.

So he makes us write all our articles with crow quill pens, and the paper is printed on an old hand press, which he got on sale when the museum burned down. As Mr. Snarff says, "Quality takes time. The people will wait a month for their daily paper if it's a good one." On this premise he built an empire that stretches from the 79th Street Yacht Basin almost to the George Washington Bridge.

"I'll do my best, Sir," I said, saluting.

As I ran out, punching the clock as I did so, Mr. Snarff yelled, "A good job on this could mean a promotion for you. We might even give you your own waste basket. How long you been a cub reporter, by the way?"

"Since I was nineteen, Sir," I said proudly.

"And how old are you now?"

"Thirty-seven."

Mr. Snarff nodded and shook his head. "That must have taken real talent."


Elated at such praise, I lurched out into the teeming street, clutching my crow quill pen to my breast. I resolved to justify my mentor's faith in me—I would get at the root of this diabolic Red plot to undermine society by means of satire. The first place to go, I decided, would be the place

where most of the great problems of the world were being considered and solved—where most of the world's great statesmen congregated. The United Nations.

At the UN Security Council, I cornered a very distinguished-looking gentleman with an attaché case and a very worried look on his face. He must, I decided, be on the way to solve some problem of international calibre. "Sir," I said, "would you care to comment on the latest Commie plot to undermine society? You know, the satire bit." I poised my crow quill above a sheet of foolscap.

"Look, Bub," the distinguished chap said, "I'm a letterhead salesman and I just sneaked in here to find the men's room. Now will you get lost before you make me ruin my only suit?" With that, he went hurrying down the marble corridor. I wished him luck.

I then strode into the great hall where the Security Council was in session. In my pork pie hat, unpressed, unmatched tweed jacket and pegged slacks, I presume the guards mistook me for a delegate, because they did not molest me. Around me, the most distinguished men in the world were taking part in world government. On the podium, one was giving (Cont. on next page)



Everybody has
become a self-
styled satirist
these days. Yet,
what good is a
sense of humor
when the sense
is missing?

A CRYING NEED TO LAUGH

a vital speech about disarmament. To prove their ability to concentrate on two things at once, many of the delegates were keeping one ear cocked to the speaker while engaging in games of poker, craps and spin-the-bottle.

I sidled up to an elderly, obviously intellectual leader in the back row. It took a while to wake him up, but when he came to, I asked, "Do you believe, Sir, that if the satirists of the world were to unite, they might drive a helpless society to the farther reaches of the Universe?"

The distinguished man took out a comb and ran it through his beard while gathering his thoughts. He said, "You, pal, don't look as if you knew your goddam backside from your elbow. How'd you ever get in this place? *Guard!*"

The guard came over. After listening to both our stories, he said, "Sorry, you'll have to go up to the balcony with the rest of the riff-raff." And he made sure the man in the beard *went*, too, shoving him along with a hammerlock. When I left, the distinguished man was giving a speech on how to run the space race. Since there was no microphone in the balcony, he had to shout pretty loud.

Disconsolate, I trudged out of the UN, wondering whether or not I should jump into the nearby East River. But that, I decided, would solve nothing; it would be an admission of failure and would give the satirists a leg up on humanity. I had to lick this thing!

Well, I decided, if the intellectuals didn't know the answer, perhaps I should go to the people. I snapped my finger—of course! The grass roots! Perhaps their answers might not be couched in the same esoteric terms, but with their simple wisdom, might they not give me a more *genuine* answer to this grave question—an answer that the rest of mankind might understand?

Coming up the steps of the Security Council toward me, dressed in the worst-looking rags—and with rags wrapped about his feet—was one of society's dregs, a lost soul who, having been left bereft of all worldly goods by the rest of the world, was coming to the UN to—To what? To forgive the world, perhaps. Or possibly to make an impassioned plea, from the balcony, for humanity to wake up before it was too late. My heart went out to the poor wretch as he held a newspaper-wrapped parcel closely to his body. His last possessions, doubtless. *He*

would give me a straight answer, by heaven!

I clapped a friendly hand to his shoulder. "Look here," I said in a strong, encouraging voice, "there is a Communist plot to—"

The poor fellow's eyes popped open and he fell to his knees before me. He thrust out the newspaper-wrapped parcel. "I don't know how you found out," he jabbered almost incoherently, "—but I give up. Take the damn thing and throw it in the East River. It's set to go off in thirty seconds!"

Confused, I unwrapped the package. Inside was an old alarm clock that was ticking away like anything. It was attached to a fuse buried in ten pounds of plastics explosive. Or maybe it was bread dough. Anyway, although I hated to ruin a perfectly good clock, I hurled the package onto the sidewalk, at which the ragged man fell over in a faint. Hailing a passing policeman, I turned the whole ridiculous mess over to him and continued my mission, still seeking a genuine member of the grass roots from whom to get my story.

I found him, it appeared, late in the afternoon, after working my way to Times Square. There, resting my weary body at the base of Father Duffy's statue, I cast my eyes skyward. Not to regard the tall buildings, those hateful symbols of advancement and detestable progress—but to scan the pigeons, those free creatures symbolizing, in their winged beauty, the soaring dream of peace—which—oops!

I took out my handkerchief. It would cost me a buck to get my pork pie hat cleaned! I resolved to write a letter to the *New York Times*, supporting the recently formed movement to rid the city of those filthy, lazy birds!

At that moment I realized that I was not alone. Looking up, I perceived a man rubbing industriously at the head of Father Duffy with a cleaning fluid. Clad in faded blue jeans, he was quite evidently an honest workman, a toiler with his hands. No decadent statesman, he—no Commie bomb thrower, no salesman with a weak kidney. No, this was the real article. A grass root! He, with his uncomplicated mind, would tell me true the answer I was getting desperate for. (It was damn near time to punch out.)

"Holla," I called, "I'm looking up this thing on satire. Would you care to comment on it?"

He looked at his watch and, understandably, continued to scrub

Duffy's head while speaking: "The profusion of satire today—and most of it, heaven help us, is atrocious farce or limp comedy—has resulted in the unusual phenomenon in which everybody is afraid to take issues, mores, criteria, the id, the psyche—the very stuff of life—seriously. It is symptomatic of the age—the fear of criticism, the fear of self, the fear of fear—and manifests itself in the collective, mass anesthesia prevailing in every stratum of society." He spat on an especially stubborn spot and rubbed vigorously.

I walked away in disgust, not to say disappointment. Of all the eight million people in New York, I had to pick on some kind of nut!

Just when I was about to give up hope of getting my story—just as I conjured up visions of losing my job of nearly two decades before I received my new waste basket—I found him. Or, rather, her—for my benefactor was, in truth, a girl—a benefactress! She was walking along 42nd Street between 7th and 8th Avenues; because of the warmth of the day, she was clad in simple *habille* consisting of a thin, clinging skirt, a thin clinging blouse and mesh stockings that looked very fetching through the slit in her skirt. She was so very friendly, I simply had to stop and interview her.

Time was running out. If I couldn't get my satisfaction from The Man on the Street, I would get it from a Woman on the Street.

"Do you," I began, "have any strong ideas about the Commie plot to foment revolution through satire?"

She leaned toward me and rubbed her chest against mine, breathing peppermint on me. "Honey, I got strong ideas, all right. In fact, just one look at your handsome mug and I'm practically drooling. Why don't you come up to my room and we'll talk about it?"

This was wonderful! I had never before elicited such cooperation; never had it been so easy to get an interview! Before she changed her mind, however, I hurried her up to her room which chanced to be in a nearby hotel. Once there, Ida (her name) took off all her clothes in a gesture of innocent freedom. "Let's get comfortable," she said, "—and let's get it over with."

I told her I too was in a hurry. While she undressed me, she started the interview for me, which I thought was nice of her. And it was frightfully warm in that *verdampft* room. "I'll bet," she said, "that you've had plenty of (Cont. on p. 78)

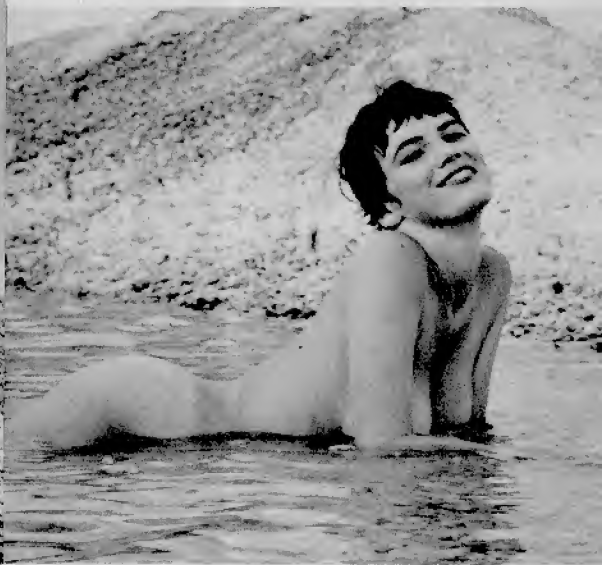






Keyed Up...

Dondi Penn didn't quite follow Horace Greeley's advice to go West (she went to Key West instead), but she's found sufficient wide-open spaces to satisfy any girl—or man. What's more, her choice is proving the Key to a bright, new future for her.



One of Miami's top models, Dondi used part of her earnings to invest in one of Key West's newly built motels. Already the investment is paying off—in free vacations, whenever she desires one.

See next page











Key West recently has become a booming resort area, and this makes Dondi feel confident about her motel.



Yet, it's not only business that attracts her to the southernmost city of the U.S. The view is marvelous.







A native of Florida, Dondi has visited the Keys many times in her girlhood, and is attached to the area. Her attitude can be summed up thusly: Miami is a great place to work, but for playing, the Keys are fine and "Dondi."



Dondi ponders her future, happy she has found the right key to security. At the same time, the presence of this beautiful miss provides an unexpected dividend for the residents of Key West.

Those legendary athletes also showed

SPORTS FANS with a touch of nostalgia tend to exaggerate the performances of the old time greats. We have giants among us today in everything from baseball to lawn tennis. But when it comes to those extracurricular activities away from the playing fields and prize rings you have to acknowledge the supremacy of the old-time athletes. Take an Ingemar Johansson, with his training camp cuties, or a Bo Belinsky, with his Hollywood fun and games, and put him alongside a Jack Dempsey, a Babe Ruth or a Barney Oldfield and you'll see how sadly lacking our own day is in real authentic wild men. This short exercise in looking backward should illustrate the point.

When it comes to wild and uninhibited lives led by boxers the title almost certainly goes to a middleweight named Stanley Ketchel. Ketchel, fondly known as the Michigan Assassin, held the middleweight crown back in the days before World War I when boxing was just barely legal. He trained in a Fifth Avenue mansion, liked to have at least a quartet of chorus girls with him at all times, had his wardrobe made by a Broadway theatrical costumer, often fought while under the influence of opium and was shot to death at the age of twenty-four while sleeping with the lady friend of a Missouri farmhand.

Before he began his boxing career Ketchel had been a bouncer. One of his managers once got him a Phi Beta Kappa key from a hockshop, but the Michigan Assassin was never able to cut much of a swath as an intellectual. Despite his shortcomings and excesses Ketchel was one of the great boxers of his era. He even fought in the heavyweight class at times and he made a fair showing against the champ of the day, Jack Johnson. But Ketchel's outside interests often worked against his ring career. Once in Philadelphia he decided to remain in a saloon and skip a scheduled fight. The fight fans were unhappy at this turn of events and organized a posse which ran Ketchel out of town.

The most notable manager Ketchel ever had was the fabled Wilson Mizner. Mizner was a combination playboy, con man, ex-Klondike sharper and angle worker. He wrote movies, Broadway plays and short stories. His brother built Palm Beach, Florida. Mizner, according to one legend, acquired the managership of the Michigan Assassin in a rather unusual way. Ketchel

was being managed by a sportswriter and cartoonist with the improbable name of Hype Igoe. While Igoe and Ketchel were traveling home from a fight Ketchel, who had a great fondness for Mizner, appeared in Igoe's Pullman drawing room and set two six guns in front of the small dapper sportswriter. He said he had decided he would like Wilson Mizner to be his manager from thence forward. Igoe then made one of the most tactful remarks of all time. "That's fine," he said.

It was while under Mizner's wing that Ketchel had his training quarters in a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue. The mansion had been built by a man named

Yerkes, who was called the Traction King because of his knack for making fortunes out of things like the Chicago L, which he also built. Mizner got hold of the mansion by the simple stratagem of marrying the widow Yerkes, a woman some twenty years his senior. He turned part of the house into a gym and Ketchel, when he trained at all, trained there. Many a morning the high society Mrs. Yerkes found her hallways the scene of a parade of well-curved, long-legged follies girls or lowbrowed Bronx-accented bruisers. Or both. The Mizner-Yerkes marriage did not last.

Ketchel's training was often interrupted by his fondness for opium. Mizner would occasionally have to track him down to some den where he would find him with an opium pipe and a couple of well-built ladies. The Assassin also made many trips to the bordellos of the day. Sometimes, though, his sentimental side would prevent him from fully enjoying the inhabitants. Once he spent a whole evening crying over a

sad painting on a bawdy house wall.

In the fall of 1910 Ketchel was sent to a farm in the vicinity of Springfield, Missouri, to get himself in condition. There were few shapely showgirls in Springfield in those days and it was hoped that Ketchel would be able to keep his mind on getting into trim. Instead he got into bed with the only woman around the farm, a lady called Goldie Hurtz. This soon caused a man claiming to be Mr. Hurtz to get down his .22 rifle and shoot the Michigan Assassin dead. Ketchel was twenty-four when his wild and woolly life came to this wild and woolly end.

A few years later Jack Dempsey came along and he had some wild times in and out of the prize ring. Com-



Stanley Ketchel

tremendous prowess in bedroom sport

pared to Ketchel, of course, Dempsey's escapades seem a little pale. But he certainly got around. Besides his good times in New York he was also much in demand in Hollywood. While he was heavyweight champ he often earned \$1,000 a week there. Not as a fighter but as an actor. The Manassa Mauler starred in a string of serials and full length melodramas. He attended movie-land parties with Charlie Chaplin, Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford. He eventually married one of the most attractive, if not talented, motion picture actresses of the 20s, Estelle Taylor. Dempsey did all right as a carouser, though maybe he never had quite the right attitude. Summing up all the Hollywood parties of that wild decade he later said, "If they were orgies—I sure didn't know."

The hell-raiser's hall of fame wouldn't be complete without Babe Ruth. Back in the roaring twenties he broke most every baseball record. Out of his Yankee uniform he did pretty well, too. Ruth's gargantuan flair led him to an odd assortment of excesses. He overdid it in everything from hot dogs and soda pop to show girls and Cadillacs, using up great quantities of all of them.

Babe Ruth was earning roughly a \$100,000 a year in his good years. From 1920 to 1929 he bought from one to three Cadillacs a year. He had a tendency to drive the cars into things or to overturn them. During the baseball season he scorned the usual three buck room the Yankees provided and would set himself up in a \$100 a day suite. Wherever he was staying he was a favored customer of bootleggers and home brew peddlers. In fact, the man who later became his manager disguised himself as a moonshine delivery man, figuring it was the only sure way of getting in to see Ruth.

By the middle 20s Ruth wasn't in any great shape. He'd added a fondness for horse racing to his other off the diamond hobbies. Two weeks of picking them wrong at Oriental Park cost Ruth nearly \$50,000. It was about this time that he was suspended from the Yankees and given a large fine. Some say this suspension shocked him and made him tone down. Even toned down, Babe Ruth continued to live a life about twice as hectic as that of anybody in baseball today.

The most famous racing driver of all time was Barney Oldfield. It was well over a half century ago that Oldfield, with a stub of a cigar clenched in his teeth, started

burning up the dirt tracks and making records. Such is his reputation that even today a traffic cop is likely to ask a speeder if he thinks he's Barney Oldfield. It wasn't merely in his noisy racing cars that Oldfield was a fast man. In his rush through life Oldfield acquired three wives. He even came back and married one of them again. In what is obviously an understatement one of the Oldfield wives admitted, "He's a devil with the ladies."

Oldfield was a great frequenter of the free-swinging bawdy houses of the day. Once in Milwaukee he invited a friend to attend one of the city's better establishments with him. This friend was the famous daredevil pilot of

the day, Lincoln Beachey. Beachey was afraid he might be recognized and was reluctant to join Oldfield. Barney assured him that even the King of Sweden could slip in and out of this house of joy without anyone knowing it. So Beachey let himself be convinced. Just inside the door of the place the piano player jumped up and gave Beachey a greeting filled with warm recognition. He then, in honor of Beachey's flying fame, hoisted him and began spinning him over his head. Oldfield proceeded to knock the big piano player across the room, out the door and into the street. Historians do not say whether Oldfield and Beachey then joined the ladies but it is probable.

Bordellos and saloons were Barney Oldfield's favorite sites for staging impromptu brawls. He wasn't always as lucky as he had been with the air-minded piano player. In fact, Oldfield had a glass jaw and many of his barroom bouts ended with him in a prone position among the sawdust. To compensate for this he frequently

took Jim Jeffries, the ex-heavyweight champ of the world, along with him on his prowls.

Oldfield liked saloons so well that for a time he owned and managed one. In the uninhibited days just before World War I Barney Oldfield ran a joint in the heart of Los Angeles. Among the regular customers were some of Hollywood's best known fast living types, notably Wally Reid and Fatty Arbuckle. In our own mild era athletes still run bars and cafes. But none of them would dare approach Oldfield in the manner of operating a place. His favorite bit of humorous byplay was the Mickey Finn and Oldfield delighted in setting up a free drink for a close pal and then waiting until the friend fell over.

(Cont. on p. 74)

THOSE LIVELY SPORTS OF DAYS GONE BY

BY RON GOULART





Ever since she was very little, Jeanne Gourneau dreamed of being a star in show biz. The day her dream came true she could say...

Life Begins at 18



Swept up in the life of a Parisian star, Jeanne reads up on theatre gossip at every chance (top). Even before going on stage, she'll fuss over each detail in her appearance.

At the Crazy Horse Saloon where she performs, this 18-year-old siren already has caught the eyes of Italian and French film makers. They're convinced she can put lots of motion into motion pictures.











Jeanne was able to reach top billing on the strength of her sultry singing and eye-opening dancing. Paris is acclaiming its new-born star who couldn't have begun life on a gayer note.

Today, the
big thrill of
her life is
being a dream
to the men
who come to
watch her.



AFFAIR IN PARIS

(Continued from page 11)

the pup, and because of the expression on her face, that held all of the compassion and tenderness of a hundred saints, I fell in love with her. A Mercedes-Benz gunned forward, leaving two dollars worth of rubber on the asphalt, and splashed dirty water on her, and a rasping word escaped her tender lips; then she laughed lightly and another big slice was revealed. And so it went, with time pressed together like an accordion and making the most beautiful sounds.

In the apartment I turned on only one orange light that was so obviously there for just that. The cocottes always laughed spontaneously. This one didn't laugh. And she didn't laugh at the other props—the futuristic furniture that was so close to the floor that you would hardly trip over it on roller skates; the four-way hi-fi speaker that looked like a chandelier; and the three-dimensional nude with the light behind it that made it seem to move. You know the devices; I had them all.

We stood there in the center of the room, a few inches apart, just staring for a few seconds and breathing kind of hard. Then I lifted the mattress off the box spring and threw it onto the floor. I threw all the cushions and pillows I could find onto the floor about the mattress. She helped, until we had what amounted to a wall-to-wall bed. She threw herself down into the middle of it, kicking off her sandals and giggling deliciously into it.

I joined her there and, gasping a little from the exertion and all, we touched each other's cheek. Our exploring fingers, like searching for something in the New York Telephone Company's Yellow Pages, marched up and down the hills and valleys of our clothing and, shakily, beyond distant summits and ranges. At length she sat up; I understood what she wanted.

With due control, I unbuttoned her blouse. We made no ritual of it; we just undressed each other. For once, I did not need any false stimulation of alcohol. Even cigarettes, we didn't need.

When we were altogether bare (notice how I say bare and not "nude") we knelt together with only our knees touching for a time. Then we pushed up off our haunches, slowly, so that, as we rose, our flesh mingled inch by inch throughout its entire expanse, from knee to thigh, to pelvis, to tummy, to chest—and as our lips came together, finally, we enclosed each other in an embrace that joined our bodies, our minds and whatever else it is that makes people what they are. For, reaching

behind her, down low, I lifted her slightly, drew her very close, then lowered her, and we were one. A unit. A solitary thing as a proton and an electron are a solitary thing.

We fell over onto our sides, still locked in that one-ness that few couples, through history, could have known.

First, think of all of your greatest sensual experiences, one by one—the first taste of ice cream as a kid; the first time, when a teenager, you felt the warmth of a girl's thigh; the all-over massage in the dressing room after a hard game of handball; the rich wininess of fine coffee; the smells of gasoline, tobacco, wood shavings and pine needles; all of them. Then think back on the very best, most exciting, completely stupefying sex experience of your life—I mean the most, the one you compare all others with and wish to God it could be again. Okay, now, if you can, imagine all of these superlative times jammed together in one big sensual H-bomb and exploded.

That's how it was with her.

When it was done, we lay side by side, not touching, and allowed the perspiration to evaporate from our bodies. At length our breathing quieted and we looked at one another, with simultaneous turning of heads. I craned my neck slightly and kissed her still-damp forehead and her lips brushed my throat.

Until this moment, maybe an hour after we had met—maybe more than that, but not much—how many words had we spoken? How few? Yet, until then words were not necessary; they are probably the most inadequate means of communication. When, by a look, an eyebrow that moves a single millimeter, the infinitely gentle pressure of a fingertip or tip of a tongue, you can tell someone she is the end-all and be-all and warp-and-woof and tick-tack-toe of all creation—who needs words?

And so, when you don't need them, that's when words are best. She said, "Well." Can you imagine a thing like that—a single word with no intrinsic meaning of its own when used as an epithet—sounding like a sermon? Or a two-hour speech of appreciation? Or a prayer of thanksgiving?

I said, "Some people can read your palms and tell you plenty about yourself."

In the orange glow, her eyes were sparkly. "Sorry, I don't want to know my future."

I continued, "And other people read bumps on skulls."

"What do my bumps tell you?" she asked.

I ran my eyes down her body, a

privilege that many a voyeur would gladly pay a month's wages for, or immolate himself or cut somebody's throat. "They tell me there's no tomorrow."

"Tomorrow is next year."

She understood. So for awhile we didn't talk any more except to murmur those sibilant, whispering, gasping syllables of appreciation, intelligible only to lovers in the moment of loving.

We knew there was no need to hurry. We had faith in ourselves. We gave names to the stages of our love, and that first frenetic, nuclear coming together was called "pre-historic." Then came "hero-heroine," which all ascribers to the Romeo and Juliet syndrome blow their brains out about because it doesn't really exist. Except for us. For us, it existed. Now the pace slowed slightly; our gestures and every movement were gentler, more time consuming; we tried to please one another with soft caresses rather than urgent tactical demands. And when, eventually, I mounted the balcony to claim my love, it was with a tenderness in sharp contrast to that which had gone before...

Shortly afterward, she leapt to her feet and sylph-like, dashed away. "There are, after all, other appetites," she taunted. She made toast and coffee. While I waited, I turned on the hi-fi set.

Soon the Girl was on the mattress next to me again, with one of my shirts on, and there has never been a more adorable thing viewed by living man. We finished the coffee and toast and then we took a shower together.

If you have never taken a shower with a girl—or, in the case of a girl, a man—then you are living on one lung or have been in a grievous accident. Or maybe you don't own a shower. I swear, there's something about the warmth of the water that soothes you right back into the Age of Fishes, when we were all One with the Sea. We washed one another's back, and all over, and there's something about the soap, too, and it has nothing to do with the Age of Fishes, ole buddy! I mean, you get all soaped up and then you clinch and—well, I humbly refer to this one as "children at play."

But be careful of the soap.

"Well, again, and a voo-voo-voo to you, m'am, if you dig me. You are now towed briskly dry, and your peachy skin glows and tingles and you feel—how old?—about fourteen, fifteen? Sixteen. Okay, I feel seventeen. I also feel, oh, not tired, exactly, or drained, but—content. Thus I will lie here and you will arouse me slowly, slowly, almost bashfully, and we will build again. We will build a great tower, brick by brick, you and I, whose summit

we will gain in half a century." Those were the words I uttered, so help me.

We loved like teenagers, then. It was charming. But, oh, the poor, incomplete, weighted, half-buttocked, frightened creatures! No wonder they try to hasten their growing up — and, brother, does haste make waste!

Our fifth stage was called, "proper adults." And by "proper" I mean proper by our standards, not by the standards of proper adults. Proper French adults, maybe, or proper adult adults. We took our time and everything was planned, everything calculated. That is, I first tickled her large toe. Then my fingers traveled up her leg — the back of it — to her lusciously swelling hips. Then the whole thing all over again. But this time substitute the lips for the fingertips. Enough. It lasted for hours, but this is still the age of hypocrisy. Simply by saying the world is not yet ready for a description of adult lovemaking is to describe it.

It was the best.

We slept for awhile, but sleep was the only need that was not a desire. We curbed it drastically, so that a couple of hours later, with the day, we awoke fresh and vigorous. Breakfast — a simple thing consisting of — more coffee and toast.

What I did then, was, I seized one of my shoes and hurled it with expert aim at that orange light that hung overhead. The light flew half-way across the room. She was frightened for a moment, but I said, "It's okay, doll — it was time for that." So we lay on our backs and talked for a while; then we turned to one another, and experienced a "quasi-philosophic" relationship. Who can really know a woman without exploring the essences of her beliefs and convictions?

Now the shadows grew long again. What came next came slowly, and there was some doubt that it would come at all. Almost no movement, and in the dusk, which lengthened as we labored, gloomy darks and greys and pools of black fell, so that this was like a resurgence from death. A happy death, to be sure — but nevertheless, death.

I felt myself falling into a vast pool of happiness — no, softness. Contentment? Joy? Gemueilichkeit? What? A combination of all of them — a liquid kind of balm that effected all of my senses. I felt that life was complete, that it could hold no more pleasures for me after this.

I knew what love was. I knew what living was. I knew, I knew, I knew.

We rose at last, and dressed. All without a word. On her face was an expression that might be called seraphic.

When she left, shortly after dress-

ing, it was with the shortest, most innocent of kisses and a smile that held in it all of the wonder that any woman has ever held for a man; all of the appreciation. All of the love.

I sat in the big armchair and watched her go. I knew that she hadn't told me her name. I knew there was no way for me to find it. Nor did she know mine. And still I let her go.

It was like surgery in which my brain was transplanted — and after which the anesthetic never wore off.

Here in New York, where I have since returned from Paris, there is no orange light bulb any more. I don't need it. The "artsy" beatnik

furniture has been replaced by solid artifacts from Macy's and Gimbel's. I don't care.

Yet, it's strange. Before that wondrous 24-hours; that unforgettable "whole" day, I'd have given my right arm and left leg to get any one of the chicks who now parade to my Macy-fed, Gimbel-fed pad. They throw off their mink stoles, or their gingham blouses or their denim shirts (whatever their style may be) and they sigh, scream, cry, shout or just plain ask me to take them.

And I do take them.

But thanks to that 24-hour day, three years ago, I'll never give a damn again. ●

ARE YOU EATING YOURSELF SEXLESS?

(Continued from page 31)

impotency and sterility. Vitamin D — an important property of the much-publicized cholesterol — affects the sex hormones. And Vitamin E — sometimes called the potency vitamin — has been proven essential to both male and female functions.

Fat people are almost always lacking in one or more of these vitamins. However, putting aside vitamins and the other physical factors, as well, obesity might still result in a waning sex urge. The mental make-up of modern man and his attitudes toward society which have been conditioned from birth are responsible for this.

A woman can put on some avoirdupois and still be regarded as "pleasingly plump," but the man is thought to be "getting flabby." Stout women appeal to many men; they are considered curvier; their bulges are looked upon as feminine and sometimes sexy. But the stout man is a laughing stock to today's female; he is considered grotesque; his weightiness is thought unmasculine, even occasionally identified with homosexuality.

Sometimes consciously, almost always subconsciously, such evaluations are accepted by the fat man himself in today's world. This is the first step in the development of the neurotic syndrome which accompanies obesity. The other steps follow swiftly.

The overweight male looks at himself as a laughable, even an unworthy lover. This, naturally, kills off his aggressiveness where sex is concerned. He becomes self-conscious about his body and afraid to have anyone else see it. Because sex usually involves a degree of nudity, he steers shy of it in order to avoid exposing his obesity.

Sigmund Freud himself, as well as many psychiatrists who followed him, recognized the dangers of eating as a form of sexual sublimation. And sublimation is exactly what the fat man does when he stuffs himself in lieu of sex. Freud pointed out the

fact that "the organs of nutrition... may serve in yielding sexual excitement."

Thus the fat man finds himself on a merry-go-round of his own design. His obesity makes him shy of sex. And his sex frustration drives him to the kitchen for the midnight snack which compounds his obesity. It's a vicious cycle with pork chops winning out over passion every time.

However, eating to the point of overweight is not the only way a man's intake can reduce his sexual output. Many a Skinny Schuyler can be seen to fast away his lustiness as well, and here's how:

With many women, prematurely grey-haired men and unattractive, yet grey hair can be prevented — indeed, there are cases where grey hair has even been restored to its original color! — by proper diet. Dr. Gulbrande Lunde and Dr. Hans Kringstad, two Norwegians, found that pantothenic acid, one of the newer B vitamins, was a strong grey hair deterrent. Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan of the University of California found that its lack caused black-haired rats to turn grey in six to eight weeks. And Dr. S. Ansbacher of the Squibb Institute for Medical Research has found that another B vitamin, para-aminobenzoic acid, in combination with pantothenic acid, has caused "a marked darkening" of hair in greying human beings!

These substances are found in whole wheat, wheat bran and liver. Adding them to the diet will go a long way toward preventing greyness. These foods will also help prevent baldness because of the vitamins mentioned, as well as another substance present in them — inositol.

Baldness, or grey hair, can be overlooked by many females, but an unattractive skin rarely is. Excessive pimples, acne, psoriasis, red blotches and many other skin conditions are anathema to the female of the species. Quite wrongly, women tend to look on such conditions as proof

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of a lack of cleanliness. As a result, the male victim of such eruptions may himself begin to feel unclean because of them. Actually, in the great majority of instances, pimples are caused by improper eating. Indeed, such conditions are usually the first signs of diet deficiency, and physicians have achieved great success in treating skin blemishes by prescribing corrected diets.

Next to physical attractiveness, personality is most often the determinant in making the grade with the girls. What effect does what you eat have on your personality in this respect? A recent experiment at the Mayo Clinic indicates that it has everything to do with it.

Under the supervision of Dr. Russell M. Wilder, chairman of the Nutrition Committee of the National Research Council, a group of charming young girls were put on a diet deficient in thiamin. The result was that each of them underwent certain

similar changes. They changed from being self-confident to self-conscious, from lively to languorous, from graceful to gawky, from scintillating to sad. Where once they had been the type of females men flock to, they now became woeful wallflowers who drew nary a whistle.

This experiment would have worked out the same with a group of men. The male personality is also affected by what he eats. And his personality can't help but have an effect on his relations with the fair sex.

These are only a few of the many ways in which the things you eat—or don't eat—may affect your sex life. They serve to demonstrate the variety of ways in which a man may eat himself sexless. So if you're having problems in this area, don't jump to the conclusion that you're losing your virility. It could be just something you ate!

BEDROOMS AREN'T FOR BOYSCOUTS

(Continued from page 22)

me home a moose to cook for dinner instead of going to your stupid office. Oh, why aren't other men like him?"

Approximately one week later, the object of this female admiration was eating a dinner of filet mignon which had been carefully charcoal-broiled for him on a portable brazier. The cook had just served the dinner and Craig was free to admire the scenery which surrounded the air-conditioned tents, the jeeps and the other paraphernalia of his camp.

"Ah," Craig said, finishing up the final remains of his steak. "This is the life."

"You could say that," his guide, Amos Carter, replied. "Will you be wanting me to go out hunting for you again, tomorrow?"

"Yes. Of course. I have to get home with a big bag of game, don't I?"

"Sure you do."

Craig turned back to his table and concentrated on his cheese-cake and coffee. Suddenly, he perked up his head. "What's that noise?" he asked.

"I don't know. Maybe it's one of the Indians."

"Indians?"

"Yes. There are a number of reservations nearby, and sometimes a few of the Indians come around here to hunt."

"Oh," Craig answered. He was a little worried until he remembered that Indians didn't take scalps any more. Or did they?

He was about to ask the guide when the Indian, himself, appeared at the camp. Or rather herself. For as she approached, it became very obvious that she was female, and as young, pretty and well-stacked a female as Craig had ever seen. The girl was dressed in blue-jeans and a T-shirt,

and even in that unromantic outfit her charms were self-evident.

Craig stood up and lifted his right hand the way he'd been told to in Hollywood, recently, when he was making a Western. "How," he said.

"How do you do," the girl replied.

"You must be Bobby Craig."

"You... you know me...?"

"Of course. I even wrote a paper on you for my sociology class when I was in college."

"Oh," Craig said, hopefully. "And now you want an interview?"

"Are you putting me on? What I want from you is what every other woman in the world wants." Her eyes lit up and a slow smile spread across her face.

"Don't you think we'd be more comfortable in your tent," she went on, paying no attention to the other men who were shooting looks of pure awe and envy at Craig.

Craig didn't move or speak. He didn't trust himself.

The girl's expression turned into a frown and she eyed him speculatively. "Or perhaps all those stories about you aren't true, after all!"

For one tempting moment, Craig was going to say that she was right. What difference did it make what she thought of him?

Then he realized that he could never keep it quiet. If she didn't tell the members of his own camping party would take it up, there would be guarded hints in all the columns. He shuddered. From across space, the hand of Matty Friar seemed to point an admonishing finger at him. He was lost.

"Of course the stories are true, my dear," he said, valiantly. "Step inside

with me," he added reluctantly.

Once in the tent, he drew the girl to him and helped her off with her things. He looked her over, taking in the full breasts with their hard, pointed nipples, the slim thighs... Perhaps this wouldn't be so painful, after all. One more time...

"My name is Gloria," the girl said, as she slid her body against his.

A little later, he was looking at her with admiration. "You were marvelous," he said. "Absolutely wonderful."

She smiled at him with appreciation. "I owe you an apology. Those stories about you weren't wrong. Everything they say about you is true. The others are going to be more eager than ever when I tell them."

"What others?" Craig asked, alarm showing in his voice.

"My sisters."

"Your sisters?"

"Yes. And their friends. And their mothers. In fact every female in the village who's of an age to appreciate you."

"But... but... I can't! I have to go hunting."

"I've watched your camp, Bobby. You don't hunt. In fact," she said, sweetly, "there is only one weapon I can think of that you're qualified to handle."

"I don't care," Craig said, panic stricken. "I just won't!"

"Ah, but you will. You see, we've thought everything out. We felt you might balk at a few of the other women. They're not... well, speaking frankly, they're not quite as romantically put together as I am. So we all got together and decided that I should see you first."

"And?" Craig asked, waiting for the stinger he knew was coming.

"And if I were to go back and tell my father and brothers what we did they wouldn't like it one bit. Indeed, you wouldn't like it."

"I'd deny everything."

"Don't be silly. The men outside saw us—and with your reputation, who'd believe you?"

"And your brothers would... er... go on the war path?"

"I truly shudder to think of the condition you'd be in when they finished," she said, and then went on in a more cheerful tone. "But why think about such unpleasant things. This won't be so bad for you. From everything I hear about you, you must be missing all your girls, terribly."

"Oh, Yes," Craig answered in a low, faltering voice. "Terribly."

"Good. Because once we get you finished with my village, there's a neighboring one a few miles away, a third just over that hill and a fourth and fifth not too far from..."

But Craig wasn't listening anymore. He had just fainted.



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THE NUDE VS. THE LEWD

(Continued from page 9)

In 1958, the Court reaffirmed its position when it overturned the Post Office's ban of a nudist magazine, *Sunshine and Health*. In hand-down the decision, the Justices did no more than to cite the Roth case. However, a prominent New York lawyer explained to this reporter: "The reasons were obvious. In the Supreme Court's eyes, the magazine under question displayed nudes in a normal, healthy manner and intended to do nothing else but."

Nevertheless the question continues to arise: When is a nude picture obscene and when not? To some, the answer may seem obvious, and in the case of so-called "hard core pornography" it probably is. But what about borderline cases? Here, a jurist has to make his own decisions, and as one lawyer pointed out, the idea of a judge poring over pictures of nudes, while trying to decide which of them are and which aren't dirty does have elements of comedy.

In order to avoid this, the Supreme Court proceeded to lay down other guide lines. To be obscene a work must be clearly offensive and without any redeeming social purpose.

In this light, should a book that offends a wide segment of the public be felt to provide some insight or information, or inspire beauty or thought, then it could not be regarded as obscene.

Why were such court decisions handed in 1957 and 1958, but not before? The reason, according to most authorities, is that while the Supreme Court interprets the Constitution, it also reflects changing social attitudes. This was seen in the civil rights cases of the past few years when it overturned its own decisions of many years standing.

The same is true with the Courts obscenity rulings.

The truth is, our ideas about what is nasty and unfit for public consumption have changed drastically since the 1920s. Most people assumed then that a picture of a naked girl would not only send a young man off his rocker, but might cause him to commit a sex crime.

Today, we know such things don't happen that way. No study yet made has succeeded, in showing any connection between juvenile delinquency and nude pictures (cinematic or still). In fact, many psychiatrists believe that if a man doesn't enjoy looking at the soft curves of a shapely nude, he is more likely to be found abnormal.

What about the so-called hardcore pornography? Isn't exposure to such works at least potentially dan-

gerous? Some authorities say no—not even should the reader have a sick mind to begin with. Dr. Benjamin Karpman, the chief psychotherapist at St. Elizabeth Hospital, Washington, D. C., was quoted as saying: "Contrary to popular misconception, people who read salacious literature are less likely to become sexual offenders than those who do not, for the reason that such reading often neutralizes what aberrant sexual interests they may have."

The theory that real pornography can act as a safety valve for a potentially dangerous person is still controversial, however. There are many experts who disagree with Dr. Karpman, most notably Dr. Fredric Wertham, the New York psychiatrist. Yet, few will deny that a healthy exposure to sex will not harm a normal mind. As the Supreme Court itself seems to feel, the test of material produced for the normal person is how the normal person will react.

This is not to say that there aren't hold-outs against the Court's decisions. In many a town, today, self-appointed guardians revive the old war cry of that most famous of censors, Anthony Comstock: "Morals, not art or literature!" Many a book or motion picture that is obviously not pornographic within the Court's definition is still banned by local authorities.

In one Northern state, for example, a County Attorney mailed letters to news dealers threatening them with prosecution if they carried magazines that he doesn't like. The fact that even though the dealers could win their cases, the cost in time and money to defend themselves discourages them from defying the County Attorney.

Even more insidious is an "unofficial" kind of censorship which police carry out in many cities. Here the police merely suggest to a movie house that it not run certain movies or to a book store that it not sell certain volumes. Nothing is put in writing. Yet if the owners do not go along with the suggestions, they know that life will become uncomfortable for them in any number of ways.

Still, because the Supreme Court has spoken, progress is being made.

Police censorship in a number of cities is now being fought in the courts. Furthermore, local laws are being challenged when they appear to conflict with the Court rulings. A 108-year-old Tennessee anti-obscenity law, for example, is now finally being appealed.

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from here, Americans have come a long way from the time when bloomers were considered indecent and piano legs were referred to as limbs.

Except for a few brief interludes such as the Victorian era, men have always considered it healthy and normal to admire the lush perfection

THOSE LIVELY SPORTS

(Continued from page 65)

It's hard to accuse Barney Oldfield of breaking training. More truthfully his auto racing often times seemed to break up his hell-raising. Just before a race in Kansas City he vanished. Three days later, when it was thought wise to search for him, the speed king was found flat on his back in a Main Street saloon. They took him home on a stretcher. Oldfield was a game fellow, though, and the next day he was in the race.

As his racing records and honors mounted — he didn't always go through the fence — Barney Oldfield's fortunes grew. He went in for ivory headed canes, diamond rings for his little finger and imported cigars that he ordered by the 2000 lot. His fame was international. He was invited to Cuba to be one of the honored judges at an auto racing meet there. Oldfield set up headquarters at Havana's famous Sloppy Joe's bar. He got into a discussion of the relative merits of Woodrow Wilson and the current power in Cuba. Oldfield showed scorn for the Cuban officials. The next morning he was deported.

The twenties and Prohibition came

of the well-formed female nude. Some thirty-seven hundred years ago, males had the pleasure of gazing rapturously at the nude statue of the Venus of Malta. Since then, each generation of beauty-lovers has enjoyed its own ideal figures. Today, with the help of the Supreme Court, we too can have ours.

but Barney Oldfield didn't slow down. The Firestone Company, to take advantage of his huge reputation in the auto field, hired Oldfield on as a top executive. This was mostly a token job and it was his habit to walk into his office in the morning, lock the door and slip out the back way for a day long speakeasy break. His habit of getting picked up by the police on their Saturday night raids was so pronounced that Harvey Firestone had a man wait at the police station every Saturday to bail Oldfield out. Early in this century Barney Oldfield was the first man to drive a car at the unbelievable speed of a mile a minute. Sixty miles an hour doesn't seem very fast now. But they'll still have to go some to live as fast as Oldfield did.

By now it should be evident that a great many of the most interesting records and scores racked up by the old-time athletes never got into the record books. The next time somebody tells you there were giants in those old days of sports — ask for details. You may hear some pretty good stuff.

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\$100 DIVORCE

(Continued from page 14)

two to three hundred dollar bracket. The one-year residency requirement is treated quite elastically.

Arkansas: This is a "divorce mill" state. Big city fees run around \$250. Small town lawyers will usually agree to a \$100 charge. There's a 60-day residence requirement, but it's strictly a matter of legalistic lip-service. Most common grounds accepted is "indignities," a catch-all statutory phrase which can include anything from a pie in the face to criticizing the length of a wife's skirt.

Connecticut: A three-year residency is enforced, but it's one of the few states where the husband doesn't have to pay the wife's court costs. Legal fees usually add up to around \$450—fairly cheap by the standards of most eastern states. "General Cruelty" is acceptable grounds and interpretation is liberal.

Illinois: This is the only state which spells out venereal disease as grounds for divorce.

Maine: A six-months residency is required and impotency and general cruelty are both acceptable grounds. Fees are generally reasonable, but the leniency of the courts varies widely throughout the state with the ease of divorce usually reflecting the moral attitudes of the community.

Montana: For those living in this part of the country, this state offers many of the advantages of the "marriage mill" states plus the advantage of uncluttered court calendars. Fees are low, the one-year residency requirement loosely enforced, and alimony grants meager compared to the rest of the country. Also, Montana is the only state which specifically labels "defamation of wife" as grounds for divorce. In other words, cussing your wife out in public makes you eligible to divorce her there.

Pennsylvania: Sterility of either party is grounds for divorce. Alimony is granted only to a wife proven insane, or in cases where separations have been granted, but final divorce denied. Fees outside of the big cities are reasonable.

Utah: Only a three-month residency is required and mental cruelty is acceptable grounds. Fees are standardized and low.

Washington: This state has no residency requirement. "Indignities"—loosely defined and fairly all-encompassing—is acceptable grounds. Fees are low—it's possible to get a lawyer's services from \$100 to \$150 in some communities—and Washington is fast becoming the Northwest haven for the divorce-bound.

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down. But how'd you like to get a divorce and come out ahead of the game? It's possible in the very states where the male can be clobbered hardest by the divorce laws: California and Idaho.

These are the two states in the Union which have "community property" laws by which the disintegrating couple must split their assets fifty-fifty. Usually, this works out to the advantage of the female. But if you happen to be trying to shed a wife who has money and property of her own, it pays to sue her for divorce in either California or Idaho. Courts in both states have declared that hubby's as entitled to gain by the split as the wife who usually profits.

The hardest state to obtain a divorce in is New York. Adultery is the only grounds the courts will accept. And legal fees, the cost of detectives, photographers, an "other woman" with whom the "guilty" party allows himself to be caught—all these add up astronomically. Yet it is possible to get a divorce in New York for \$100.

New Yorkers will guffaw at this, but it's not only possible, it's been done. Recently a girl who made herself available to private eyes as the "other woman" in divorcee cases married a lawyer. About a year after the marriage a detective called her and offered her the standard \$25 fee for the standard situation. When she tried to turn him down on the grounds that her husband would object, he forced her into it by threatening to tell her husband about her background himself if she didn't do

the job precisely as he insisted.

So the girl joined the "client" in the hotel room and after awhile the detective and photographer broke in and snapped them in the usual compromising position. And right behind them was the lady's lawyer husband who promptly claimed the picture for evidence in the divorce suit he was about to bring against his wife!

It cost him \$50 to the detective and \$25 apiece for the photographer and the male model who'd been hired to impersonate the husband in search of divorce. Total cost \$100! And the lawyer-husband didn't even pay his wife's fee for the job!

Of course, being a lawyer, he also didn't have any legal fees to pay. The average Joe who does would be better off in practically any part of the country but New York. However, no matter where he is, there's one fact he should bear in mind about divorce:

It isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep which pauperizes the divorced male!

That means alimony. With very few exceptions, courts in all states will award the wife alimony if she requests it. In many of them they won't even consider the suit for divorce until after the couple have reached an alimony settlement. In Louisiana and Hawaii, the wife continues to collect alimony even if she remarries.

So remember, while it's perfectly possible to shed your wife for \$100, take especial care lest the judge should cross you up and make it \$100 a week!



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A CRYING NEED TO LAUGH

(Continued from page 60)

experience at this sort of thing." I giggled. "Yes, I've been doing it for eighteen years. Now, about the satire bit—"

About an hour later, Ida looked up at me, her eyes suffused with what appeared to be joy. "How long, did you say?"

"Oh, this. It's my first time. I've been pretty busy."

As I dressed hurriedly, happy at the success of the interview, Ida said, "Man, forget the ten bucks—that was for free! And don't leave town, okay?"

I told her I would be happy to interview her again, but right now I had to get back to the office and write my story. With that goddam crow quill, it would take me about three weeks—just enough to make the deadline for tomorrow's paper.

I burst into the office and ran up to Mr. Hugo Snarff's desk. I told him that I had a real blockbuster of a story, an almost certain Pulitzer prize winner. If I could just have some ink—

Mr. Snarff threw the inkwell at me. "You're fired!" His words were like bullets fired at my defenseless breast. "You wrecked one of the best plots ever devised to end this

hateful progress that's screwing up the world! I sent one of our best operators over to blow up that idiotic UN. It would have set the world back fifty years—where it belongs! But no—you had to be there; you had to short-stop my operative; you had to ruin my bomb, a whole night's work, f'Chrissake! You—"

"You, Sir," said a voice from behind me, "have a seventy-five dollar reward coming. We've been after this madman for a long time. He'll get sent up for at least five years for trying to blow up the UN!" The tall policeman shook my hand and pressed a check for seventy-five dollars into my pocket.

Seventy-five dollars! This was a whole month's pay! Enough to get married on. And after that? What did it matter? I had met the girl of my dreams—the world was ours! Together, we surely had the talent to make 150 dollars a month.

Before leaving, I threw the inkwell at Mr. Snarff. Then I dashed out into the glad New York throng. The people! The grass roots! Now I knew the truth, and I was free!

I ran across Eighth Avenue and up 12nd Street. Sooner or later, I would find her. . .



"Mentholated marijuanal!"

A SLOPPY AFFAIR

(Continued from page 48)

of a kid looking over his shoulder while he's playing pat-a-cake with Mama. As to to cuckolding in the stables, well, it all depends on one's sensitivity to the aromas of the raw materials from which fertilizer is made. And any of you hubbies who can think up an excuse for taking off for a weekend on your own that wifely will swallow are welcome to it—providing you've still got the jizzum to keep pace with a girl younger than your offspring; it should be noted that in the book the hero dropped dead of a heart attack.

The *Caveman Technique* isn't favored by O'Hara heroes who often come across as so upper-class as to seem effete. However, Grace Metalious' men are made of sterner stuff. In her latest novel, *No Adam in Eden*, she has a husband battering down a bedroom door to get at his spouse. There's nothing new about this. Rhett Butler did it in *Gone With The Wind*. And in the movie version of *The Foxes of Harrow*, sexy Rexy Harrison kicked the bedroom door in. Well, it's a moot point as to just how often a modern husband may have to resort to such measures to get at his mate. (And when he does, the sight of hair curlers, cold-creamed face and baggy pajamas may prove a more formidable obstacle than the stoutest door.) However, here are some tips for the brash young benedict so inclined: Don't hit that door with your shoulder; you can break a collarbone that way; don't try to kick it in, lest your arder wane in the pain of crushed toes; if you must break it down, use a fire-axe—or, better still, pick the lock!

These are but a few of the facets of sex the fictioneers like to portray. Doubtless you can think of many more yourself which don't quite measure up to reality. The important thing, though, is to realize that when the two don't jibe, it isn't your experience that's falling short. It's the author who can't resist making sex more ideal than it naturally is.

So don't feel badly if your girl friend has B.O., or you find it uncomfortable making love on a sand-dune, or her hand caressing your head comes away covered with "greasy kid stuff," or your feet get tangled in the bed-sheets, or you get a cramp in your big toe at the crucial moment, or passion flies in the need to take time out for necessary precautions. No, don't feel badly. Remember: In real life, love really is a sloppy affair!

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SHE COULD HAVE BELLY DANCED ALL NIGHT

(Continued from page 54)

and meditated on the cruel ways of fate.

About seven-thirty that night, however, there was a soft rap at his door and when he opened it Nella was there.

"Go," Fred greeted her.

"You do not like me any more?"

"Of course I like you. But..."

"Ah, I see." The girl's eyes blazed.

"It is Abdul. You are afraid of him!

You are a coward!"

"Well, not exactly. But... There is the moral issue. You are a married woman."

"Of course. That must be it," the girl said, softly. She had stepped through the door and closed it by now. "My husband is an old man. And I am but one of sixteen wives." She began to sob, softly.

"Don't cry," he began.

"I thought you were a man I could trust."

"You can. You can."

She raised her head and smiled tentatively. She melted into his arms.

At that point Fred was lost. Nothing mattered except that vibrant female which he had to have. Their clothes seemed to drop from them, magically, and her naked body was even more remarkable than it was in her brief dancing costume.

Nothing Fred had known had ever equalled this. Nella shook, shimmied, shivered and aroused sensations that Fred had only dreamed about, before. "Now," she said at last. "Right now!"

Later, they were sitting side by side on the bed. "If my husband ever found out about this he would have us both tortured," the girl said.

"Tortured?"

"Yes. He is a terrible man. If I told you the things he has done you would not believe them. He forced me to come to America in order to earn money for him. And he sent Abdul to guard me." She halted, casting her eyes downward before she went on. "And I had the misfortune to fall in love with you. I am in your hands, now."

"Don't worry," Fred said. "I'll take care of you. There must be some way to get you out of this mess."

"There is one thing we might do," the girl said, slowly. "That is if you are serious."

"What's that?"

"We could bribe Abdul. He hates my husband, really. If we offered him enough money to make a new start, himself, I'm sure I could convince him to look the other way while we ran off." She looked at Fred, her eyes alive with hope. "How much money do you think you can get."

Fred thought quickly. He was not a rich man, but he did have a good job plus a car and some other possessions that he could sell. With that, and all the money he could borrow, he figured he could collect some six or seven thousand dollars.

"I'm sure that would be enough," Nella said.

"Of course, we would be starting from scratch."

"We'd have each other," she answered, trustingly. "And that would be enough."

They agreed to meet the following day when Fred would give her the money for Abdul. He waited in the lobby while the girl went upstairs to pay off her keeper and pack her things.

A half-hour went by. An hour. Fred began to fidget in his chair. Something must have gone wrong. Perhaps Abdul took the money from her and hurt her. Anything could have happened.

He had promised he would remain where he was. She knew how to handle Abdul, she said, and for his part he had no desire to test the big man's powers with the scimitar. But now he had no choice. He had to do something.

He rang Nella's doorbell first. When there was no answer he tried Abdul's door across the hall. The big man let him in. "I was wondering when you would show up," he said.

"Where is she?" Fred demanded.

"She left. With Grippe."

"I don't give a damn about her luggage! Where is she?"

"I'm telling you. With Grippe. The little orchestra arranger. She had me fooled completely. Just slipped out the back way with him."

"But... but... My money. She was going to bribe you. So that her husband wouldn't have her tortured."

Abdul laughed grimly. "You really are a mark," he said. "That girl has never been east of Brooklyn in her life!"

"I don't understand," Fred said, numbly.

"It was a con game, brother. She and I were going to grab your dough and scam. Only she double-crossed me, too. With Grippe, of all people!"

"But aren't you...?"

"Some kind of crazy harem guard? Hell, no. I come from Jersey City."

"But what about that?" Fred pointed at the scimitar.

"Just a prop, brother. A part of the act. It scares me half to death, but it seems to impress the suckers."

Fred buried his face in his hands. The world, he thought, was coming

to an end right at that very moment. "Like a drink?" the big man asked him.

Fred nodded. "Don't feel too bad, brother," the big man said. "You're not alone. She

grabbed all my life's savings, too." "Your life's savings? Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm the biggest sucker of them all. I happen to be the little lady's husband!"

THE EFFERVESCING CASANOVA

(Continued from page 38)

a big pitcher of cold, foaming beer.

When she came back from repairing the damage in the Ladies' Room, she was quick to agree that it might be a good idea to leave and go into town for a snack. I didn't really want a snack, of course. I wanted to get her off alone on the walk to town and try to repair the damage to our relationship to a point where I'd be able to swing into the yearned-for seduction.

But as we began our silent stroll, I found that I was in no condition to re-establish any kind of relationship. That last dance had churned up all the beer I'd swilled and now my system, unaccustomed to alcohol even in the mildest quantities, was rebelling. It was a quiet rebellion, and I didn't know whether Lorraine was aware of it or not. What it was was a combination of heartburn and nausea which seemed to make it imperative that I not open my mouth to make any conversation.

By the time we reached town, it was a little better, but not much. Still, I found I dared talk without fear of upchucking. "Want to go in for pizza?" I asked her, although the very thought almost gagged me.

"All the gang'll be there," she said caustically. "Let's go some place else. I don't want to see them after that bit back at the ginmill."

We settled on a sort of tea room frequented by the older vacationers on the Cape. It was a quiet place, brightly lit and frilly, the kind of place that serves Ritz cracker-size sandwiches of limp watercress and too-sweet lemonade in the kind of skinny glass designed to make it dribble down your chin. It was the last place to foment romance, but I was feeling enough better now to think I might save the situation and somehow manage to score anyway.

Lorraine ordered coffee and some tarts so small they looked like candies. I said I didn't want anything, that I'd just sit and keep her company. She was hungry though, and she popped one after another of those cakes into her mouth after the waitress brought them.

"Aren't you going to have anything at all?" she asked, feeling maybe a little self-conscious because I was watching her pack it away.

"I don't feel like anything."

"Tummy on the Fritz?"

"A little."

"Too much beer, huh?"

"I guess so."

"That's how it is when you're not

used to it." She shook her head knowingly.

"Who said I wasn't used to it?" I protested.

"Well then, you sure can't hold it."

"I can too!" I was getting hot under the collar now, and feeling a little foolish to boot.

"Okay, so you can." She shrugged it off. Then, a little more kindly, she made a suggestion. "Why don't you have an Alka Seltzer? It'll settle your tum-tum."

My stomach was actually pretty much settled by then, but there was a ring of sophistication to the idea that I couldn't resist. I'd never in my life had an Alka Seltzer, but somehow it seemed to go with all the blasé things like morning-after hangovers and pick-me-ups—all the things a man of the world would take for granted. Also, there was the feeling that by taking one, I'd be showing Lorraine that I was her equal, maybe even laying a foundation of rapport for the long walk back along the deserted beach. So I called the waitress over and ordered one.

I looked at the tablets for a moment and swallowed hard. Lorraine looked at me and began fidgeting. "Well," she said finally, "aren't you going to take it?"

"Sure. Sure," I said, conscious that she was staring at me and wondering at my hesitation. I met her stare for a moment and then lowered my eyes. I couldn't stand knowing that I must have looked stupid and helpless.

"Well?" she said again.

That did it. I took a deep breath and popped one of the large tablets into my mouth. It covered my tongue like cotton batting. Quickly I gulped from the glass of seltzer and somehow managed to wash it down without choking on it. I knew that if I hesitated, I was lost. I threw the second pill far back in my throat and took another gulp of soda water, draining the glass dry as I felt the pellet sticking halfway down my craw. I swallowed hard three or four times and at last it slid down. Then I looked up at Lorraine.

She was staring at me with pop-eyed, open-jawed amazement. She shook her head slowly and her voice was bewildered when she spoke.

"That's the first time I ever saw anybody take an Alka Seltzer that way."

She said. (Cont.)

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I had no idea what she was talking about, but I braced it out. "I always take them like that," I told her. "It's the best way if you've been drinking."

"Oh." She still had that uncomfortable looking look on her face.

"Let's go," I said.

She nodded and led the way to the cashier's booth where I paid the check. We walked the half-block to the beach and then started up the lonely strand towards her cottage. We hadn't gone three steps when I decided it was time to stop delaying, time to come on strong, caveman style, if I was going to get anywhere at all. I grabbed her and kissed her.

I took her by surprise, and it started out awkwardly. But she seemed to get the idea fast and began kissing back immediately. I was trying to lose myself in the excitement of the kiss, trying to forget the whole messed-up evening and let things start to happen.

Well, they started happening all right, but not the things I'd expected. They started happening in my stomach. I'd been aware of a sort of fizzing sensation down there just after I'd taken the Alka Seltzer, but now, during our first kiss, maybe because of the way I was leaning to hold Larraine close to me, one of those tablets began to effervesce in earnest.

Larraine broke the kiss. "What's that?" she said.

"What?"

"That sort of rumbling noise. Don't you hear it?"

"It must be the surf."

"Yes... Only it sounds so close... Just listen."

"You listen." I wrapped my arms around her in what I conceived a manly fashion and kissed her again.

Again she broke away. "It's louder now. Don't you hear it? Oh, you must."

"Forget it," I said, cursing to myself at the turmoil in my stomach, which was growing worse. "Kiss me."

She obliged, but it was clumsy. You see, I was trying to embrace

U.S.A.'S PLAYBOYS

(Continued from page 46)

His spouse, Gaby Palazzolo (with whom he's had an on-again, off-again relationship), hastily retreated from the fracas, tears in her eyes. Later she told reporter, "My husband makes me furious — but he is so passionate."

On the other hand, after one of Texas' richest bachelors entertained a French starlet, she said, "He's only fun when he spends his money."

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her sideways, so that my now-churning belly wouldn't distract her attention. However, the rumblings were growing louder.

Larraine pulled away a third time. "That noise. It's you!" she said accusingly.

"Yes." I tried to laugh it off. "I guess my stomach's talking."

"Talking? It's screaming, that's what it's doing."

"It's really not so bad."

"That Alka Seltzer." She snapped her fingers. "I should have known when you swallowed them that crazy way that something had to happen."

"Can't you just forget it?" I said. I grabbed her again to get her mind off it. This time, a little desperately I guess, I let my hand clutch one of her breasts, hoping to arouse her.

She let that kiss follow through to the finish, and when it was over, she closed her hand over mine.

"I want you," I whispered hoarsely. It was a bit of dialogue I'd picked up from an old Paul Henreid movie on a TV late show.

Larraine didn't know that, though. She guided my fingers inside her blouse until they were caught tightly between her bra and the fullness of her breast. "Do you want me really?" she murmured.

"Yes, I do," I said in as convincing a tone as I could muster. Unfortunately, the effect was marred by a particularly loud crackling from my stomach.

But even if that destroyed the mood, it didn't seem to faze Larraine. She really was on the nympho side like the fellows had said, and now she proved it. "Well, why not," she said. "I've never made love with a boy who was effervescent before." And, so help me, she sank to the sand and beckoned to me, her eyes glittering eagerly in the moonlight.

Now, right about here, I have to stop and explain something. Up to this point, even though my stomach had been making those noises, and even though I was fizzing away inside, I hadn't felt any real physical discomfort from my faux pas with the Alka Seltzer. There's been a mild, tickling sensation, but so many sensations were chasing each other around my body at the prospect of at last scoring with Larraine, that I'd barely noticed it.

However, awhile after I stretched out alongside Larraine, that all began to change. At first, it wasn't so bad. A mild cramp when I shifted to bury my face in her bosom, a tiny stab of pain while she was guiding my hand up the length of her thigh, a sharp quiver when I reached around to help her unbutton the snaps at the back of her dress.

Slowly though, it got progressively worse. The noises were much worse too, but by this time Larraine was so caught up in what we were

doing that I don't think she even noticed. She was so caught up, in fact, that she'd thrown everything but her slip aside and now she pulled that up over her hips and arched her body hungrily. Her eyes were half-slits as she moaned into my ear. "Now. Now. Oh, hurry." And her hands were tugging at me, urging my body to swing into position.

I started to comply, and that's when it happened. Maybe the Alka Seltzer just hit all that beer at that moment. Or maybe our thrashing around was making it work faster. I don't know. All I do know is that just as I was about to make my dream of seduction come true, just as I poised to possess her body, an agonized convulsion went through me the likes of which I've never felt before, or since.

I rolled away from her and sat doubled-up, hugging my stomach, and praying through the tears I couldn't hold back that I'd have enough control to keep from making a complete fool out of myself.

"What's the matter?" Her voice was thick with the resentment of frustration.

I couldn't answer.

"Are you sick?"

I clutched at my belly.

"I knew those tablets 'd get to you."

I leaped to my feet and raced for the shadows behind the nearest sand dune.

"When you gotta go, you gotta go," she sang out sarcastically. Her laughter followed me, hanging in the air for a long time.

For a long time afterwards I used to wake up at night hearing that laughter. It was an echo hanging over my adolescence, my young manhood. It was the cornerstone of my shyness, my confusion when alone with a girl, my reluctance towards sexual aggression. Indeed, the experience coagulated into the foundation of my virginity.

Until the other night, that is. I was out with this girl for the first time and we stopped off in this drugstore for coffee before I took her home. We were sitting at the counter when this guy plopped himself down next to my girl and ordered an Alka Seltzer. When the waitress brought it to him, my girl began giggling.

"What's so funny?" I asked her.

"When I was a kid," she said, "I thought you had to swallow those tablets like you swallow an aspirin. The first time I took one, that's exactly what I did." She giggled again. "Boy, did I ever fizz!"

I looked at her with new eyes, with a rapport that was building to manifold strength within me. An hour later we were in bed together. As simple as that. And so now, at last, I'm not a virgin any more. ●

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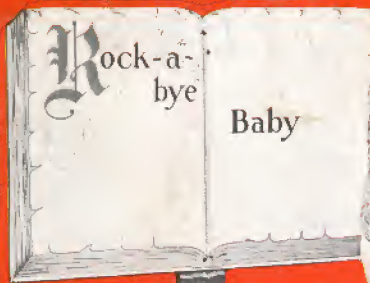
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